THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1925

More War and Peace

BY

LEO TOLSTOI

Meet Mister Mussolini

The Back Yard of Europe

BY

THE MAN FROM SLOVAKIA

Over the River from Russia

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

August 22, 1925

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THIS WEEK

WITH a name like his, *Dr. Heinrich Hermelink* ought to be an authority on something or other, and, sure enough, he has chosen all Darwin for his province. The barbarous antics of 'Monkeyville, Tenn.' are of course responsible for his scholarly article, proving again that good may come out of evil. Yet in spite of the black ignorance in which non-*Living-Age*-reading Americans are compelled to live, our medical men still seem to carry some weight with their brother witch-doctors in sophisticated England. The *Lancet's* account of proposed cures for cancer frequently quotes Yankee authority, but through some slip-up in our editorial department the contribution was not translated from its virginal medical language into the King's English, to say nothing of Cal's.

❦ ❦ ❦

That old family favorite, *Novy Mir* of Moscow, excavated for its Red readers a hitherto unpublished chapter from *War and Peace*. So if you want your Tolstoi complete you will have to slip the *Living Age* into that part of your library, too.

❦ ❦ ❦

However severe we may be in forcing the British to pay a good half of the stipulated interest on their debt, surely we should be merciful to Rumania. The general in charge of the Third Army Area at Kishenev is awakened three times a night from his sleep with reports from the Russian frontier, while his soldiers maintain endless watch over the banks of the Dniester, guarding Judge Gary and Mr. Hughes from Bolshevism in all its most horrible forms. Perhaps, too, we should think more kindly and, if it is humanly possible, more often of the Slovakian part of Czechoslovakia. No less a figure than *Eugen Lewin Dorsch* has been visiting the Carpathian Mountains, where Jews are farmers and automobiles brush mudguards with contrivances dating back to Marcus Aurelius. To round out the picture, we are also including something from our *Wuchang Correspondent*, who writes from Yangloutung, which, as everyone knows, is tucked away in a corner of Hupeh near the Hunan border. He observed the natives making bricks of tea in 'the murk of the hong.'

❦ ❦ ❦

The anonymous *Onlooker* submits a complete biography of Mussolini, telling about his noble ancestry, his humble birth, his turbulent schooldays, and his excited activities ever since. A born trouble-maker, the Fascist leader started in life as a Socialist, that being the most objectionable activity he could think of. But when the war came, he lost patience with the piddling incapacity that radicalism is heir to, and hopped aboard the band-wagon. After a long apprenticeship on the bass drum, he seized the conductor's baton, but has not forgotten the lessons he learned in the school of hard knocks.

❦ ❦ ❦

When *Gerald Gould* attacks the theory that all prolific whimsical essayists should be boiled in oil, he attracts the sympathy that leaders of lost causes always deserve. He first attempts to prove that the more work one does the better one does it, having in mind, no doubt, the products of the Ford and the Rolls-Royce factories. Next he gets wound up in the idea that, because some great men wrote a great deal of trash, anyone who writes a great deal of trash is great. Thirdly he says that enough is not as good as a feast — a strange statement for a continent Englishman, who would surely not prefer a truck-load of hot dogs to a juicy slice of beef. And last of all he asserts that any sentiment can be cut to fill any column. Well, looking back over our experience with this page from 1844 to the present time, we are afraid we shall have to admit that that one stumps us.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *AUGUST 22, 1925* — NO. 4233

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GERMANY'S SECURITY NOTE

GERMANY'S reply to the French Note on the Security Pact — the British press will not admit for a moment that its own Government is more than a disinterested partner in that Note — is chiefly interesting at this date for the reaction it produced in the countries to which it was directly or indirectly addressed. A large section of the English press was inclined to greet it as a masterpiece of judicious moderation and diplomatic tact. The *Saturday Review*, which now and then exhibits that unexpected open-mindedness to Liberal viewpoints that characterizes present-day Conservatism in Great Britain, remarked: 'The Germans have in the past deservedly won the reputation of being the worst diplomatists in Europe. If, however, they continue to show as much tact and common-sense as they show in their reply to France on the Security issue, we shall have to alter our estimate of their political wisdom.' Indeed, the only serious error committed by Berlin, in the opinion of this journal, is in referring to the Note to which it replied 'as coming from the Allied Governments,' instead of from France alone.

Quite naturally, *The Nation and the Athenæum*, which plays at the opposite end of England's political orchestra, is delighted with the German reply. It says: 'Herr Stresemann has achieved a personal triumph,' and describes the reply as 'extremely conciliatory.' Its most encouraging feature is 'the reliance that it places upon the Covenant.' The *Times* believes that this deliberate exchange of messages between Governments, which now has reached its third stage, represents marked progress toward a better state of mind in Europe. To be sure, some doubts and apprehensions remain: —

> There was a certain reserve in the French Note, and there are echoes of that reserve in the German reply. The habits of years cannot be effaced in a moment, and in these diplomatic exchanges at a distance it is necessary for both sides to keep in view a public opinion that, like the Governments themselves, can only be gradually educated into a more conciliatory frame of mind. The French Note, for instance, expressed a desire to be assured that the German proposals were not intended to involve a modification of the Peace Treaties. The German

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Government now answers that its proposals do not represent a modification of existing treaties, and that 'there should be no need for special statements in this respect.' That is clear enough for all practical purposes. The German Government hastens to add that 'treaties may be adapted at the proper time to changed circumstances by way of peaceful agreement,' and that the League Covenant makes allowance for such gradual changes. This might be regarded as an unnecessary restatement of a platitude, were it not that the Note contains other indications that Germany now hopes to be able to work for her own advantage inside instead of outside the present constitution of Europe. In any case there is nothing alarming about it. The conclusion of a Pact would naturally imply such a result, and the fact that Germany is aware of it must not be counted in her disfavor. A growing perception on the German side of the possible advantages of the Pact finds expression in the new attitude to the League of Nations which is registered in the Note.

Upon the whole the *Times* thinks: —

The German Note is much more favorable than might have been expected, in view of the present situation in Germany. It gives evidence of good-will and broad purpose. It makes it possible now to accelerate negotiations that were hopeful from the first, but it also shows that much ground remains to be covered and that the negotiations, even if they are hastened, will still be long.

Turning to the French press, we discover for the most part quite a different attitude. *Le Matin* characterized the German reply as 'an attempt to revise the treaties.' Jules Sauerwein, writing in that journal, declared that Berlin is trying to give too much power to the League of Nations by insisting that no dispute, whatever its origin, can be arbitrated except under the League's jurisdiction. 'Thereupon it will be argued that the League of Nations cannot permit a Power like France to intervene by force of arms in case of a difference between Germany and her neighbors, and that the task of settling such a dispute so as to avoid war should be placed entirely in the hands of Geneva or The Hague. From this it is only a short step to arguing that the authority of these two bodies should be absolute and to work out a formula whereby even differences of a territorial origin — that is, frontier disputes — should be submitted to them.' *Le Temps* summarized the German reply in a matter-of-fact way, and added this comment: 'It is quite evident now that Germany's original memorandum of February 9 was drafted with the ulterior purpose of paving the way for a revision of the Versailles Treaty by means of a mutual Security Pact.' Nevertheless the present reply is, in the opinion of this journal, a step forward in negotiations. Pertinax, in *L'Écho de Paris*, declared roundly, 'The German reply is as unsatisfactory as it possibly could be,' and concluded a bitter criticism of its wording and spirit, as he interprets them, with this ejaculation: 'A weapon against the present order in Europe; an attempt to destroy our alliances; a gesture to put everything at the mercy of British arbitration — that is the clear purpose of the plan of a Pact. Let us drop it if we can still do so.'

✽

BACK TO THE LAND IN ENGLAND

ENGLAND has a 'Little-lander' movement, though it appears still to be in its very early stages, and our British cousins call it by the more poetic but less luminous name of 'homecrofting. To quote from Professor J. W. Scott's *Unemployment*, a shilling pamphlet published by A. and C. Black in London, 'homecrofting is the art of making your own food with your own hands, so that you don't need to buy it. The suggestion is, take advantage of the short industrial hours. Aim at two

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shifts a day for a man — one shift at his industrial work, earning wages, and another shorter shift with his wife and children in his garden, producing food.' Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, is much in favor of the idea, and has given it publicity in that journal. In fact, he has offered a prize of £8 to the most successful home-crofter, — that is, 'to the person who has most successfully carried out the scheme by which a man and his family live upon, or largely live upon, the produce of their labor,' — as well as smaller prizes for conscientious endeavorers whose results are not quite so brilliant. The genial editor takes pains to point out: —

The homecrofter must never be confused with the smallholder. The smallholder, or peasant proprietor, is a most useful person, especially when he owns his land as well as tills it; but it is not the creation of smallholders — men who cultivate the land for the market — which we are now considering. What we want is to emancipate men in industrial production from the tyranny of the market and the thraldom of wages. We do not want men to forsake their ordinary work; but we do want to make them able to say and feel, 'Of course, I'd rather be at full work in the mine, or in factory, or on the railway, or what not, and have money to spend or to put by; but what, thank God, I have got as a homecrofter is the knowledge that I and mine are not going to starve or have to cadge for help if for any reason I lose my job, or have to go on half-time. Again, we are not going to starve if the prices of food rise. As long as my third of an acre of garden ground is kept in cultivation I shall not starve merely because I pass a couple or three months without wages.'

Among other advantages is the influence upon children, who will find learning to make things grow an admirable supplement to their ordinary schooling.

After the war the idea of settling people — especially ex-soldiers — on the land as smallholders or peasant cultivators was very popular. England experienced a wave of interest in agriculture, courses of rural economy were established at several places, and a more or less sentimental propaganda began in favor of the life with the hoe. But if we are to believe a contributor to the *New Statesman*, the smallholder 'has been beaten' in Great Britain. This is not due to faulty legislation or to a falling off in his endeavor.

He has succumbed to two sets of hostile influences. In the first place, he has been despoiled by the people who run the pedigree live-stock business and have induced him to pay fancy prices for utility beasts and birds that rejoice in special names; secondly, he has been beaten by the rings, combines, trusts, and other agencies of the middlemen; while to complete his rout, the sellers of transport have combined their forces against him.

This writer then proceeds to paint the woes of a British smallholder — and the established farmer, for that matter — in a way that will convince our own ruralists that all the world's akin: —

During 1924 fat pigs were on sale in many live-stock markets at a price as low as four shillings per stone of eight pounds. Pork in the butchers' shops in the same town would cost from one and sixpence to two and fourpence a pound. It was the same with bullocks. The butcher would never give full market price for a young steer, because the bones were not heavy, although the meat was of the best, and he would not give the full market price for the five-year-old bullock, because he would say it was past its prime. So in practice he never gave the full price for anything, and was merely content to charge it to his customers. . . . The butchers and the dealers combine, either together or in two companies, in order that one may buy for all, and then they resell among themselves.

So far as fruit, vegetables, and flowers are concerned, the price to the producer is so bad that many people find it impossible to

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send to market. The smallholdings that still thrive are those that have a frontage to motor-frequented roads. As you drive through the country to-day you will find small notice-boards telling you that you can buy peas or strawberries, currants or honey, or whatever may be in season, at a low price, and many smallholders are carrying on through the medium of their chance customers. They all admit that to send their goods to London is to risk an adverse balance, the charges for transport, commission, returned empties, and the rest being more than their goods will fetch before they are resold.

✤

SQUELCHING A FIRE-EATER

THE Paris courts, after adjourning their decision for twenty-four hours for consideration, have sentenced Charles Maurras, one of the editors of the Royalist organ *L'Action Française*, to two years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand francs for threatening to kill the Minister of the Interior. As M. Maurras is one of the leading journalists aud most prominent publicists in Paris, the sentence naturally came as a shock to the community. The court rendered its judgment, however, strictly in accordance with the law.

The story of the incident is briefly this: *L'Action Française* considered that the authorities had been lax in bringing to justice the authors of certain Communist outrages that had recently occurred in Paris — outrages that, though political in character, bore a striking resemblance in other respects to certain gunmen outrages in Chicago and New York. The indignation of this journal was the greater because the Government had disarmed some of its own hotheaded young Royalist adherents who were emulating the Communists in their methods.

In the heat of this controversy M. Maurras, who is a gentleman of excitable disposition and wields a Harveyesque pen, addressed a letter to the Minister of the Interior, who is ultimately responsible for the policing of Paris, in which he threatened to hold him personally responsible for future Communist and Anarchist violence, and declared that if the Minister failed to do his duty he would be 'killed like a dog.'

M. Maurras also published this letter in *L'Action Française*, thus clearly inviting prosecution. But the Government so managed the case that, instead of making it a sensational political trial, it passed through the usual criminal routine — a disrespectful proceeding that still further aroused the fury of the accused, who withdrew his attorney and refused to defend himself.

Several Conservative journals, and even those that strive to occupy a middle ground like *Figaro*, condemn the action of the court. The latter journal says: 'It may be that the law has been strictly followed . . . but it is certain that justice has not been done.'

✤

SOME MOROCCO DEVELOPMENTS

PARIS *Quotidien* published on July 23 Abd-el-Krim's peace conditions, which were substantially these: that the Rif's independence be recognized and guaranteed by the League of Nations, with a status similar to that of Afghanistan; that the Governor of the Rif shall have the title of Ameer and be nominally subject to the Sultan of Morocco; that certain boundaries approximating those held by the Riffian troops at present shall be the recognized Riffian frontier; that Spain may retain Ceuta and Melilla with sufficient surrounding territory for their defense; that the Riffian Government shall be permitted to maintain a standing army, the size of which shall be fixed by experts; that Pan-Islamic propaganda in

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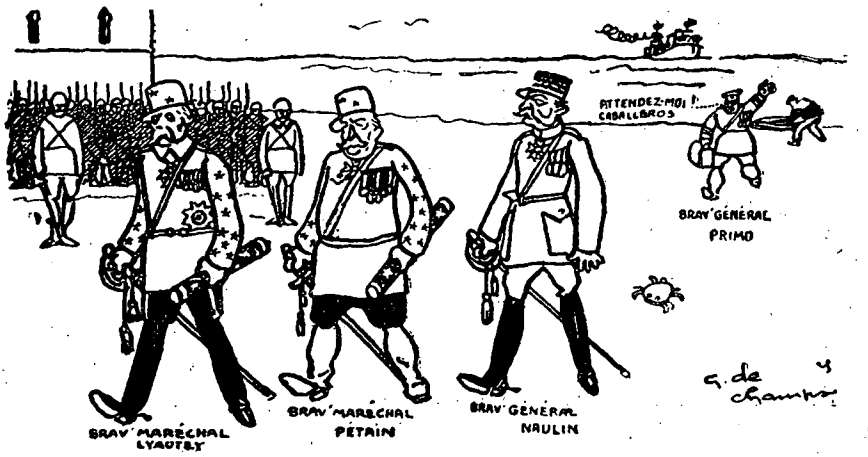
the French Protectorate shall cease; that no reparations shall be exacted on either side; that the League of Nations shall grant the Riffian Republic a moderate credit to enable it to carry on temporarily until a fiscal system can be established. Certain minor conditions are attached.

Izvestia ridicules the idea that the Bolsheviki are giving the Riffi aid and comfort. It says: 'To the French generals the Soviet Republic is a most convenient scapegoat in the Riffian campaign. The slightest acquaintance with the facts, however, makes it perfectly clear that the Moscow authorities have no connection whatever with the Riffian Republic, yet the Riffi keep getting ammunition by sea.' Its editor asserts that Britain is the Moorish chieftain's real backer: 'Abd-el-Krim, who has been closely allied with England for years, will no doubt continue to obtain English arms and ammunition. Unless very considerable revolutionary disturbances occur the Rif Republic will be a sort of enlarged Gibraltar, the support and citadel of Great Britain's power at the western entrance of the Mediterranean.'

Considerable criticism has been aroused in France by alleged lack of unity in the Morocco command. Marshal Lyautey, the famous Nestor of the French Morocco occupation, is said to have been virtually shelved, though as gently as possible. General Naulin, though an able officer, was not his logical successor; but those who were, presumably evaded the honor of being made, even nominally, Marshal Lyautey's subordinates. Meanwhile Marshal Pétain, who is France's active military chief, has been in Morocco, apparently exercising unlimited authority.

Commenting upon this situation in the *New Statesman*, Sisley Huddleston says: 'Everybody knows that one cause of the Spanish failure was the jealousy of the military men. France must take heed lest between them Pétain, Lyautey, Naulin, and the politicians make a mess of the business.' *Humanité*, the Communist journal, satirizes the situation in the cartoon we publish below, under the title 'Trumpets, sound to the field!' and the subtitle 'The unified command takes charge.'



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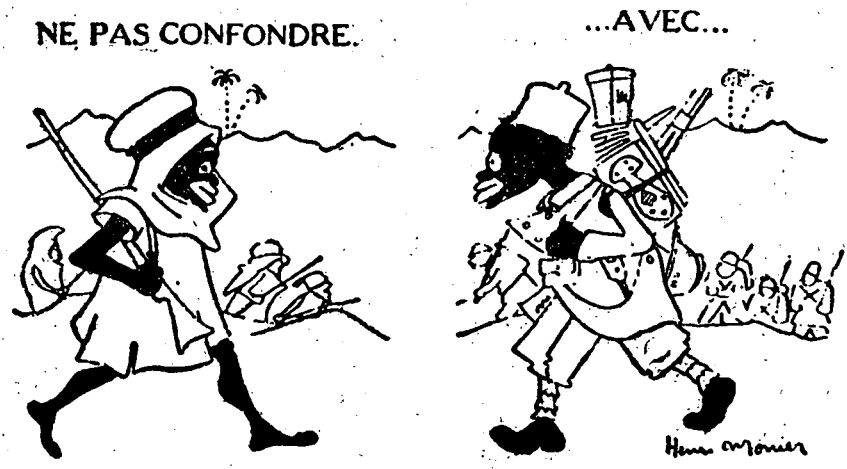
MINOR NOTES

AN interesting feature in the discovery of a cancer germ, which we record elsewhere in this issue, is the fact that Mr. J. E. Barnard, who has succeeded in photographing the germ, is what might be called an amateur microscopist. He is a hatter and the head of a well-known London firm in this business, who has given his services to science without remuneration. His most brilliant work, of which this is the outcome, has consisted in the use of ultra-violet and even X-rays as a luminant for microscopic work — a device which originated in Germany as described in the *Living Age* of July 12, 1924, and which renders visible to the photographic plate objects so small that an ordinary light-wave is too long to be interrupted by them. While the discoveries so far announced tend to strip the disease of its mystery, they do not necessarily imply that science will speedily master it. Nevertheless, experiments are being conducted on the growth of a small portion of a cancer tumor kept alive in glass cells entirely separated from the animal body with a view to showing the possibility of producing anti-sera fatal to cancer cells without damaging the normal tissues of the body.

DURING the recent difficulties in China Germans went around with arm bands bearing the Chinese character indicating their nationality, lest they be mistaken for unrighteous Britishers or French. A few years ago, during the war, they were ostracized in China, and the British and French were allies of that country. The English-edited *Japan Chronicle* comments on this: 'Time hath its revenges.'



("Canard Enchaîné," Paris.

Don't confuse the barbarian with the champion of civilisation.

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DARWIN AND THE BIBLE ABROAD[1]

BY DOCTOR HEINRICH HERMELINK

[THE author is Professor of Church History of the University of Marburg.]

WE hear from America that a sensational lawsuit, the so-called 'monkey trial,' has stirred up the whole country over the question of teaching Darwinism in the schools. This suit is merely one incident of a widespread nationalist-orthodox movement which, under the name of Fundamentalism, is opposing Modernism and evolutionary teachings in the schools, in the churches, and in public life.

The battle cry 'Darwin or the Bible?' has been raised. It makes pertinent certain reminiscences as to how theology and evolution were reconciled in Europe, and particularly in Germany.

Darwin himself was anything but an aggressive opponent of religion. His famous home in Down contained up to the time of his death many religious pictures describing the life of Jesus. Perhaps for that reason a reconciliation of his doctrine with theology and the Biblical account of Creation was brought about with relatively little difficulty in his country.

Nevertheless, something resembling the present monkey trial occurred in 1860, when seven Oxford scholars, including the famous mathematician, J. Baden Powell, and the Orientalist, C. A. Goodwin, published a joint volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*, in which they attempted to reconcile the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible and the Biblical account of Creation with the Darwinian theory. Almost at once an address signed by nearly eighty-five hundred clergymen was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury petitioning him to take action against these Oxford teachers of error. After tedious proceedings the authors of the book were given an ecclesiastical reprimand, but the court action against them failed. The bench declared that the accused were not guilty of denying the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

One of the principal opponents of Darwinism in England, from the standpoint of Biblical orthodoxy, was the famous statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, whose best-known and most vigorous defense of the Biblical theory of Creation appeared in 1890 under the title *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scriptures*. It was a reply to a work entitled *Lux Mundi*, published in London the same year by eleven Oxford scholars, headed by an official defender of High Church theology, the principal of Pusey College, Charles Gore, wherein an attempt was made to interpret and explain the teaching of the Christian Church in harmony with the evolutionary conception of Creation. In England both Lyell, the founder of the evolutionary school of theology, who died in 1875, and Darwin himself, who died in 1882, were buried with honors in Westminster Abbey. To-day all schools of theological thought and practically all denominations in Great Britain have made their peace with the teachings of natural science.

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *July 16*

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In Germany the conflict was more bitter at the outset, because the new Darwinian theory was seized upon by Karl Vogt and Ludwig Büchner, leaders of the materialist philosophy of the period, as a weapon against the ecclesiastical and political reaction then at its height. A book by David Friedrich Strauss published in 1872, entitled *Old and New Faith*, and accepting the evangel of Darwinism without reserve, only strengthened the disapproval with which religious circles regarded the new doctrine. Then came Ernst Haeckel, who wove Darwinism into his monist philosophy, constructed genealogical trees that could hardly be justified by the data of exact research, and was unsparing in his scorn of Christian dogma. About the end of the century his *World Riddle* was published in popular editions and widely read by all classes of people. Bebel and the Social Democrats simultaneously took up Darwinism in their fight against conservative forces in the Church and in society.

On the other hand, however, the scientific theory of evolution found the ground already prepared for its acceptance by the previous tendencies of German theological thought and idealistic philosophy. About the middle of the last century there was a wide discussion, particularly among those interested in Christian missions, as to the nature of the Negro soul. Could we speak of a uniform human soul, or were there not rather radically different human races and human natures which must be distinguished from each other? Darwin's belief that all life could be traced back to a primitive cell offered a convenient solution of this theological problem. The acceptance of the new theory was further facilitated by the progress that Biblical criticism and the history of religion had made in Germany under the leadership of Reuss, Stade, Wellhausen, and Dillmann. Already the dogma that all books and words of the Bible were equally inspired had lost credence. Consequently, in spite of countless shades of theological opinion, ranging from extreme conservatism to extreme liberalism, everybody stood on common ground in this respect. The story of Creation in Genesis, which obviously is a combination of two accounts by two different authors, was nowhere regarded as history in the literal sense of the word, but as a legend or a myth, conveying valuable religious teaching, but in no way irreconcilable with an evolutionary explanation of Creation. All that theology in Germany demanded was that room should be left for a recognition of God's creative power in the universe and in certain specific acts, such as the origin of organic life, the endowment of that life with human consciousness, and the bestowal upon man of a religious nature that found its end and its completion in the Christian faith.

The Church historian Loofs, in a series of widely read sermons upon the story of Creation, the fall of man, and the Tower of Babel, published in 1899, sought to popularize among church members this understanding of the Biblical version of mankind's early history. He found many imitators. I personally recall a sermon that I heard about that time, in which the preacher declared that we human beings lost nothing in dignity and status by acknowledging descent from the same ancestors as the apes, but that this relationship brought the animals closer to us.

Systematic theologians like Rudolf Otto, in his widely read book, *Naturalist and Religious World Concepts*, published in 1894, and Titius and others, succeeded in establishing a provisional boundary between science and religion.

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As a result of all this, when socialist freethinkers and monist philosophers began their great campaign against religion about 1900 with a series of popular books having such sensational titles as *Moses or Darwin?*, *The Lies in the First Pages of the Bible*, *The Walks of an Atheist*, they missed their mark, no matter how much they might disturb the minds of a few indiviuals. Farsighted churchmen, not only in the liberal but also in the orthodox camp of Christian teachers, had already prepared the rank and file of the Christian community, by their sermons and by their school instruction, to appreciate the poetic and religious content of the Mosaic account of the Creation and at the same time to reconcile their religious convictions with the fruits of scientific research.

For example, in a *Guidepost for Those Coming up for Confirmation*, published in 1900 and written by the pastor of the Lutheran Church in Frankfort, such sentences as these occur: —

'Man is therefore on the one side and through his physical nature related with every living being. He is the final link of an evolutionary series.'

'On the other side, however, he is a conscious personality equipped and designed to become a free and responsible individual, and as such to appreciate, enjoy, and promote culture, morality, and religion.'

'The newer science does not shrink from the conjecture that all living things upon the earth may have been developed from a common primitive cell.'

Another guide to religious instruction, published in 1896 by P. Wurster, who was later Professor of Theology at Tübingen, contains this statement: —

'Every evolutionary theory, even for instance the Darwinian hypothesis, leaves a great number of questions unsolved that can be answered satisfactorily only by the assumption of creative acts. Such are, for example: (*a*) the transition from inorganic to organic matter; (*b*) the evidences of design in nature; (*c*) the transition from beast to man, endowed with reason, conscience, and free will.'

At a meeting held in Frankfort on the Main in 1907 the church people founded the 'Kepler Union to Promote a Knowledge of Nature' for the purpose of combating current misinterpretations of Darwinism among the people. This Society's purpose has been to popularize an accurate knowledge of natural science and to emphasize the harmony between scientific truth and religious experience.

Although the widely accepted distinction between our mental *Weltbild*, or 'World Picture,' which is constantly being modified by scientific discoveries, and *Weltanschauung*, or 'cosmic philosophy,' which Christianity preserves unchanged, and such harmonizing formulas as 'Creation through Evolution' by no means represent the last word in the difficult problem of drawing a line between the respective spheres of religion and natural science, nevertheless they are the fruit of an educational process that has taught the average man in Germany to regard Darwinism as by no means a final and infallible explanation of natural processes. To say the least, we have attained a stage of popular enlightenment that makes such a sensational episode as the Tennessee monkey trial inconceivable in our country.

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TOWARD THE SOLUTION OF THE CANCER PROBLEM[1]

THE 'LANCET' SUMMARY

[We print below the editorial summary of two articles published in the *Lancet* of July 18, by Dr. W. E. Gye upon the 'Ætiology of Malignant New Growths,' and by J. E. Barnard upon the 'Microscopical Examination of Filterable Viruses,' respectively.

The articles themselves are too technical and too long to interest the average layman. Indeed, were it not for the all-absorbing interest of the theme, the summary that follows might prove discouragingly opaque to the average reader. Under the title 'Our Minutest Foes Unmasked,' we printed in the *Living Age* of July 12, 1924, an account of the success of German bacteriologists in isolating and photographing the germ of the foot-and mouth-disease, a perusal of which will make it easier to follow the account of this new and greater discovery.]

The publication in the *Lancet* to-day of the paper by Dr. W. E. Gye on 'The Ætiology of Malignant New Growths' marks an event in the history of medicine. For these observations may, we believe, represent a solution of the central problem of cancer. His carefully controlled experimental evidence leads to certain fundamental conclusions which may be briefly summarized as follows: —

1. All malignant new growths contain an ultramicroscopic virus — or group of viruses — which can be cultivated. This applies to the carcinomata and sarcomata — that is, all cancerous and tumorous growths — of fowl, mice, rats, dogs, and man. The virus resides probably within the cells of the neoplasms.

2. The virus alone, washed free from all adherent material, does not produce a tumor when injected, and does not even produce a visible lesion.

3. But when injected together with virus-free extracts of tumors the virus produces a malignant new growth. The extracts contain, therefore, a substance called by Dr. Gye the 'specific factor,' which enables the virus to attack the cells of the injected animal so as to transform them into cancer cells.

4. There is no species specificity so far as the virus is concerned, for tumors can be obtained in one species of animals with the virus obtained from the tumor of another species.

5. The 'specific factor,' however, shows a very strict specificity of species. Thus in order to produce a malignant new growth in a mouse it is necessary to use the specific factor from a mouse tumor, while the specific factor of a chicken tumor is ineffective.

6. There is probably also a strict specificity of tissue for the specific factor. So far only sarcomata have been obtained, and these only with a mixture of virus and the specific factor from sarcomata, not from carcinomata.

The existence of a virus is not merely postulated from the effects of a culture supposed to contain it, as has hitherto been the case. Mr. J. E. Barnard has applied the optical methods elaborated by him for the study of the organisms of bovine pleuropneumonia, the largest of the known filter-passing viruses, to the study of the cancer viruses cultured by Dr. Gye, and has succeeded in rendering the cancer virus visible and

[1] From the *Lancet* (London medical weekly), *July* 18

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even in photographing it. This is in itself a great achievement. The results of Mr. Barnard's observation so closely correspond with the experimental results obtained by Dr. Gye that the existence of a living cancer virus would appear to be established. The reasons for this broad opinion follow.

In order to make clearer the relationship existing between the virus and the specific factor, definite examples may be given. We will call the virus obtained from a mouse tumor 'mouse virus,' from a human tumor 'human virus,' and so on. Similarly we will call the 'specific substance' obtained from a mouse carcinoma 'mouse carcinoma specific,' from a human carcinoma 'human carcinoma specific,' from a fowl sarcoma 'fowl sarcoma specific,' and so on. Then the following relationships have been established experimentally after injection: —

(*a*) Any virus alone from any neoplasm into any animal: no effect.

(*b*) Any specific from any neoplasm into any animal: no effect.

(*c*) Mouse carcinoma virus + fowl sarcoma specific: (1) injected into mice — no effect; (2) injected into fowls — sarcoma.

(*d*) Human carcinoma virus + fowl sarcoma specific injected: into mice — nothing; into fowls — sarcoma.

It follows, therefore, that the type of malignant new growth that is produced depends, not upon the virus, but upon the specific substance. There are, therefore, two factors concerned in the ætiology of cancer: (1) a living virus — the extrinsic factor; and (2) a chemical substance produced by the cells — the intrinsic factor.

The 'germ theory' of cancer is, of course, not a new one. It has often been advanced and has as often been rejected. It has been pointed out in the past, and quite truly, that it does not explain cancer. Recently an American authority on cancer has gone so far as to make the categorical statement: 'There are many things which we do not know about cancer to-day, but there is one thing that we do know, and that is that it is not of germ origin.' That is not merely the opinion of a single individual, but it represents the view of almost every pathologist of repute. That view is not merely justified by the consideration that in the past no one has ever isolated an organism which when injected would produce with certainty a typical malignant new growth. As we shall see, it is true even to-day in the light of Dr. Gye's work to say that the presence of an organism *by itself* cannot account for the fundamental features of cancer, and if the statement quoted above had been formulated in this way no exception could be taken to it. The position may be stated more generally by saying that cancer cannot be explained by postulating an entirely extrinsic origin.

Why, then, do we accept Dr. Gye's observations as a solution of the cancer problem? In order to appreciate the full significance of this work it is necessary to review briefly the present state of the cancer problem. A brief historical summary of the development of cancer research shows both the peculiar dilemma with which every attempt at explaining cancer was faced and the brilliant way in which Dr. Gye has dealt with it. Up to the beginning of this century the investigation of cancer was entirely in the hands of morbid anatomists and morbid histologists. They described the morphological appearances of the different tumors found in man and classified them; they made the fundamental distinction between neoplasms derived from epithelial cells and from connective tissue cells; they showed that each individual tumor had individual morphological features, and that these features were retained by the

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metastatic deposits; they correlated different degrees of malignancy with morphological differences. From the point of view of treatment the most important contribution was the work of Ribbert and of Butlin. The former from a study of early carcinomata showed that cancer in its inception was a local disease. Butlin, applying this conclusion to surgical treatment, emphasized the importance of operative removal at the very earliest stage of cancer and demonstrated in this way that cancer, if attacked sufficiently early, was a curable disease.

There was also a considerable output of theories concerning cancer. Every possible — and impossible — explanation that human ingenuity could devise was put forward. Fortunately it is not necessary to review these various theories. It is sufficient to say that they have not assisted in the investigation of cancer; it may be said that these guesses at the truth have been of as little value to cancer research as racing tips are to the breeding of horses.

The exclusive occupation with cancer as it occurs in man led, however, to one curious result: it gave rise to the belief that cancer was essentially a disease of man. When in 1888 Hanau described a tumor in a rat and successfully transplanted it into other rats, this important observation was allowed to pass unnoticed. The same fate befell the similar observations which Morau made soon afterward. If we consult the standard work of the time, Borst's big volume, published in 1902 and entitled *Die Lehre von den Geschwülsten*, no reference at all is to be found to the tumors of animals, although the occurrence of such tumors was well known to veterinary pathologists, who had published descriptions in the literature.

When, therefore, in 1902 Professor Jensen, of Copenhagen, recorded the successful transplantation of a mouse carcinoma into other mice after previous attempts with three other carcinomata had failed, his work did not attract much attention, and would probably have shared the fate of Hanau's and Morau's but for a fortunate coincidence. In 1902 the Imperial Cancer Research Fund had come into existence. The late Dr. E. F. Bashford, who had been placed in charge of the work of the Fund and who in his preliminary scheme of investigation had emphasized the importance of placing cancer research on an experimental basis, recognized the value of Jensen's work and devoted all the resources of the new institution to make the study of cancer one of experimental and comparative pathology. Together with Dr. J. A. Murray, he showed that the phenomenon of cancer was common to the whole vertebrate kingdom. By studying the pathology of Jensen's tumor and other tumors in mice, these two workers showed that these tumors corresponded in every respect to cancer in man. They confirmed Jensen's conclusion that in the process of transplantation the transplanted tumor grew from the cells of the minute piece of tumor that had been introduced by the needle, and not by a transformation of the cells of the new host, who only provided the stroma necessary to nourish the cancer cells.

This meant that the experimental transmission of a tumor from one animal to another was not a process of infection but one of true transplantation. Every spontaneous tumor in mice that was investigated was shown to possess a definite biological individuality which manifested itself, not only by its morphological appearance, but also by such features as its rate of growth, its tendency to necrosis or spontaneous absorption, its power to elicit a specific stroma reaction. What

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is more, every tumor retained this biological individuality through many years of transplantation, and there was no evidence of convergence to a common type. Although a successful transplantation of a mouse tumor into other mice was comparatively easy, it was found impossible to transplant a mouse tumor into animals of a different species. This strict species specificity explained the negative results which had attended previous attempts, such as those of Shattock and Ballance, to transplant a human cancer into animals. The transplantation of a cancer from one mouse to another was found to be dependent upon the life of the transplanted cancer cells. Inoculation of extracts of tumors or dried tumor material failed to produce new growths, and similarly negative results were obtained when the tumor cells had been kept in an incubator sufficiently long to impair their vitality.

Another important conclusion which followed from these observations was that when a cancer arises in an organism it arises there *de novo* as a result of a change in the cells of that animal and not by the introduction of a cell already cancerous from another animal; each case of cancer was, so to speak, an individual disease. Results such as these could not be accounted for readily on the basis of a germ theory pure and simple. We should have to assume a highly specific virus not only for each species of animal but even for each individual case of cancer.

As if to emphasize this conclusion, there was on record a tumor of the dog which, though indistinguishable from a typical sarcoma in its morphological appearance and its property to metastasize freely, clearly showed from its clinical history that it did not arise *de novo* but was transmitted during coitus. This venereal tumor had been the subject of careful experimental study by Bellingham Smith and J. W. Washbourn in 1897. They clearly recognized the infective nature of the disease — a conclusion which was confirmed by Bashford and Murray, who contrasted it with the tumors of mice, and by most subsequent observers. Here, then, was the first clear evidence that tumors existed which could not be distinguished morphologically from a typical sarcoma but which had apparently quite a different ætiology.

Then a really extraordinary observation was made in 1911 by Dr. Peyton Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute. In a fowl he found a sarcoma which could be transmitted to other chickens, not merely by the introduction of the living tumor cells, but also by an extract which had been rendered cell-free by filtration through a Berkefeld filter. The same successful result could be obtained with the dead tumor material which had been dried and kept for some time. Pursuing this line of investigation, he found two other sarcomata in fowls showing the same properties. But not all tumors of fowls behaved in this way: many of them, like the tumors of mice, failed to yield tumors with the cell-free filtrate or the desiccated tumor. Here, then, was convincing experimental evidence that in certain cases a tumor could be produced *de novo* either by a living virus or by a chemical agent. And the most perplexing feature of these extraordinary observations was this: Each of the three sarcomata showed a very distinctive biological individuality in their morphological appearance. Tumors which were produced by the cell-free filtrate or by the dead dried tumor material retained this biological individuality in the same way as did the mouse tumors which depended for their propagation on the living tumor cell! The most obvious explanation appeared to be that these tumors were

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due to a virus. But if that was so, why did the virus reproduce the biological individuality of each tumor? There seemed to be no answer to that question, and Peyton Rous, after having contributed one of the most important and disturbing observations, retired, baffled, from cancer research, as Ehrlich had done before him.

The next advance in cancer research was made by Fibiger. He produced cancer of the stomach in rats by allowing a nematode, or pinworm, to develop in the wall of the stomach. Once the carcinoma had developed it could be propagated in other rats in the usual way by the transplantation of the living tumor cells, so that the presence of the nematode was not an essential factor in the growth of the tumor once it had been induced. Similarly Bullock and Curtis, in the Crocker Institute in New York, produced sarcomata in the liver of rats by infecting the rats with the eggs of *Tænia crassicollis*. Yamagiwa and Ishikawa, interpreting these results as being due to chronic irritation, produced epitheliomata in rabbits and mice by the prolonged painting of the skin with tar.

This line of investigation on the experimental production of cancer again offered no evidence in favor of the germ theory of cancer. On the contrary, the multiplicity of agents capable of inducing cancer, the long latent period in tar cancer, the cellular hyperplasia preceding the cancerous change, had to be interpreted as arguments against an extrinsic origin and in favor of an intrinsic origin of cancer.

Now that we know the solution, it is fascinating to retrace the history of experimental cancer-research and to see how the objective, unbiased collection of observations bearing on cancer in animals had led up to this dilemma: there was a large body of observations which could not be accounted for satisfactorily by postulating an organism as the cause of cancer. They indicated rather that the cancerous change was associated with a change in the metabolism of the cells, perhaps the production of a substance stimulating growth. On the other hand, there were the tumors described by Rous and the venereal dog tumor which, though morphologically typical malignant new growths, seemed to have an entirely different ætiology and could be explained most readily by postulating an infective agent.

Most workers tried to escape from this maze by setting aside tumors such as those described by Rous as being infective granulomata and by making a sharp distinction between such tumors and true neoplasms. But such a conclusion was merely an attempt to evade the difficulty. As has been stated, the fowl tumors were morphologically and clinically indistinguishable from true neoplasma, and apparently arose *de novo* in each animal, and their infective nature could only be established by experimental methods. How was it possible, then, to decide whether a tumor in man was an infective granuloma of this type or a true neoplasm? It has also been stated that the fowl tumors retained their biological individuality, when they were induced by infection with the cell-free filtrate. If it is admitted that a virus can produce a cell proliferation of as definite a biological individuality as a true neoplasm, this feature of true neoplasms ceases to be an argument against the parasitic origin of cancer. Carrel has recently tried to get over this difficulty by denying that the chicken tumors are due to a virus. But the cultivation of a virus by Dr. Gye and the success of Mr. Barnard in rendering the virus visible under the microscope render this view untenable.

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Dr. Gye's work has solved this dilemma in a manner which is as unexpected as it is convincing. He shows that there is both an extrinsic and an intrinsic factor concerned in the ætiology of cancer. The extrinsic factor is a virus common to all neoplasms. By itself it is incapable of producing a neoplasm. To do that it requires the intrinsic factor — a substance produced by the cells which enables the virus to attack the cells. The virus can be cultivated. The intrinsic factor which so far has been demonstrated only in different tumors is presumably produced by the cells in the course of chronic irritation. The intrinsic factor varies from tissue to tissue and from tumor to tumor. In such tumors as those observed by Rous it is abundant and very resistant, so that it persists even in an extract made without special precautions; in most other tumors it is present in small amounts and very labile, or easily destroyed, so that special anaerobic conditions are necessary to preserve it and to demonstrate its existence. This apparently fundamental difference between the Rous tumors and other tumors is, therefore, merely the manifestation of different degrees of lability of this specific substance. Experimental cancer-research has brought to light a number of other facts, the explanation of which has hitherto presented great difficulties. As an instance we may mention the development of sarcomata in the course of the experimental propagation of certain carcinomata. For all these difficulties Dr. Gye's work offers a satisfying solution — a good test of the value of the conception which he has formulated of the ætiology of cancer. As already stated, Dr. Gye has succeeded in producing a sarcoma with the virus obtained from a carcinoma. The reverse result has not yet been attained — nor has it ever been observed to occur spontaneously in the course of the experimental propagation of sarcomata.

We have stated at the outset that we hold Dr. Gye's work to be a solution of the central problem of cancer. But it is more than that. Dr. Gye has also evolved a technique for cultivating ultramicroscopic viruses and a method of testing for their presence. The observation that a virus by itself is nonpathogenic, and requires an accessory substance to produce a specific disease, may prove to be of the greatest importance in the further study of the diseases due to these viruses. As Dr. Gye points out, the fact that an organism can be nonpathogenic by itself and manifests its specific pathogenicity only in the presence of some accessory factor is not peculiar to the virus of cancer.

A few years ago Dr. Cramer and Dr. Gye showed that such a phenomenon plays a part in many well-known bacterial infections. Thus the bacteria of gas gangrene by themselves are nonpathogenic. But when certain simple chemical substances are also injected, such as calcium chloride or colloidal silicic acid, a slight but specific lesion is produced in the tissues, and then the specific infection is elicited and kills the animal. They called this phenomenon 'defense rupture' or 'kataphylaxis,' and pointed out that it applied to other bacterial infections. For instance, it holds good for tetanus, and even the course of streptococcal infections may be profoundly altered by the presence of such kataphylactic substances. Gye and Kettle found this phenomenon to apply also to tuberculous infections. The phenomenon is obviously of considerable importance in determining both the onset and what is vaguely called the virulence of bacterial infections, and it is curious that the importance of these observations was not generally recognized by bacteriologists. But a few months ago Dr. Coley — the New York surgeon —

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referred to these observations of Cramer and Gye in a symposium on cancer in which he presented the evidence in favor of the parasitic theory of cancer. Coley suggested that the cancer parasite postulated by him required kataphylaxis to attack the cells so as to produce the cancer lesion — probably the only correct guess that has been made in the voluminous literature of cancer theories.

All this work has cleared the way for a rapid advance in the investigation of cancer along entirely new but clearly defined lines. A host of new questions has arisen, and we have no doubt that by answering them the attack on the cancer problem, which has hitherto baffled medical science, will be brought to a successful conclusion. But there is a far wider outlook than this. The new technical methods now made available will be applicable to research along a whole enormous front. Diseases like measles, smallpox, and encephalitis, foot-and-mouth disease, and dogs' distemper may yield their secrets to workers armed with these new weapons.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

BY 'CYPRINOID'

['Cyprinoid' is the pen name under which Siegfried Sassoon has of late been writing.]

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

FACES irresolute and unperplexed —
Unspeculative faces, bored and weak,
Cruise past each patient victory of technique,
Dimly desiring to enjoy the next,
Yet never finding what they seem to seek.

Here blooms, recedes, and glows before their eyes
A quintessential world preserved in paint;
Calm vistas of long-vanished Paradise,
And ripe remembrances of sage and saint;
The immortality of changeless skies,
And all bright legendries of Time's creation . . .
Yet I observe no gestures of surprise
From those who straggle in to patronize
The Art Collection of the English Nation.

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THE WATCH ON THE DNIESTER[1]

BY NOËLLE ROGER

'WITHIN two hours,' said the general commanding the Third Corps at Kishenef, 'Bolshevist cavalry might be at the gates of our city.'

Kishenef, the capital of Bessarabia, is seventeen kilometres from the Dniester, which separates New Rumania from the realms of the Bolsheviki. Spread over low elevations inside of a cuplike circle of higher hills, her low houses, domed churches, and lively business-streets — whose open shops stand side by side as in an Oriental bazaar — lie half hidden in their gardens and shade trees, apparently unconscious of the danger that lurks at their doors. She awakens after the siesta hour, when everyone sleeps through the heated period of the day, to a life of feverish activity, which continues until late at night, as if under the swaying fans of her acacia trees she were celebrating her deliverance from her overardent sun.

'Three times every night,' continued the general, 'I receive reports from my lookouts. My troops are always ready for instant service. They could be under arms in a few moments. We are always on the lookout for a sudden raid. Nine months ago the Bolsheviki crossed the border one hundred kilometres from here, counting on that distance to protect them. They captured a village and cut the telegraph wires.'

We rode toward the Dniester across rolling plains, where the cultivated fields form tiny islands in the boundless prairie. At the top of the last descent we suddenly caught sight of the river, winding capriciously through the broad bottomlands in front of us in long gray curves. A ribbon of green trees borders its bank, which it divides into two narrow and hostile strips — the Rumanian forest and the Bolshevist forest. Here and there gray trunks are visible through the verdant canopy. No highway or trail pierces the thick undergrowth. Beyond, ascending gently to the far horizon, stretch rolling plains identical with those we had just crossed except that they are less plentifully watered and no cultivated land is visible.

We halted in a village overlooking the river and consisting of little white-plastered, blue-trimmed masonry houses, whose projecting roofs of thatch or reeds were supported by wooden posts, just as they are in the peasant cabins of Moldavia and Walachia. Meadows descended to the vicinity of the river. Along a well-worn path close to the water a Rumanian sentry was pacing. He walked slowly, his eye attentively surveying the farther bank, his rifle slung easily across his arm. The silently moving river, the deserted plains, the man walking along the bank below the village — what a simple rural scene! And yet it symbolizes the tragedy of our times.

We proceeded along the valley for some distance, over a road separated from the river by meadows, stumplands, and swamps brilliant with yellow irises. We passed a second village —

[1] From *Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal-Democratic daily), *July* 12

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Kosernitza. A sentry halted our automobile. The colonel who accompanied me exhibited a permit allowing us to proceed. This road along the border is closed to ordinary traffic.

The enemy that the Rumanians are trying to keep out of Bessarabia has manifold means at his disposal and many accomplices within the country. It is impossible to put your hand upon him. He is nowhere and everywhere. He steals through the country with contraband. He hides in the coverts of the forest. He spies out everything. What if a man is captured now and then and sent to prison? Another is ready to take his place. Or better said, Rumania is not fighting men of flesh and blood who can be beaten and forced to submit; she is fighting an idea that seduces the hearts of men and steals away their reason; she is combating an all-powerful propaganda. Can you conceive an enemy more elusive and unconquerable?

At length we descried ahead of us, quite close, but on the Bolshevist side of the river, the green domes of a church — at Cosnitza. Houses nestled amid the trees. Women standing up to their knees in the river were washing clothes. Men were fishing with a hook and line from a boat. The moment they saw our automobile with a soldier at the wheel and an officer on the rear seat they hastened to shore.

'They are not permitted to come beyond the middle of the stream,' said the colonel. 'Those are the orders. They are our people, though.'

In fact, they are Moldavians. They belong to the Soviet Moldavian Republic. We later passed another village, likewise on the Russian side of the river, but so close that we could see every detail of the houses. It was precisely like the Rumanian village where we had halted a short time before, with the same white façades, the same blue trim on the houses, the same reed-thatched roofs, the same garden walls of woven withes, and the same green-domed church. Only the church at Pogreb, a Soviet village, was mute, closed, silent henceforth. Services are no longer held; the bells are not rung; there is no priest.

We studied this village curiously. It is so close that people of the same family whose houses stand on opposite banks can converse with each other across the water. Naturally it is difficult to prevent smuggling. Rumanian Moldavians get tobacco and clothing over to the Soviet Moldavians, who pay a good price for them. Nevertheless, these next-door neighbors are separated by the most formidable barrier that can exist among men — a different evangel, which one party seeks to propagate at any cost, and the other to suppress at any cost.

The World War has dug deep trenches across Europe in all directions, separating brother villages. But the war is over. Life is resuming its normal course. The enemies of yesterday are picking up the threads of their old relations. Villages arbitrarily separated by hostilities are recalling their former brotherhood. But here we discover a conflict not measured by time. It is a fight to the death, in which there can be no armistices or peace treaties.

Rumania is the remotest bastion of ancient Europe. To her has fallen the labor of standing watch, of repelling forays, of firing the alarm signal. She is performing her task of defeating stratagem, of capturing traitors, of defending the marches, with tireless vigilance. She knows that one hour of negligence might be fatal.

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MAKING BRICK TEA IN CHINA[1]

BY A WUCHANG CORRESPONDENT

WHILE China is in the throes of civil war and its consequent dislocations, it is consoling to visit a place where conditions are normal, and where old-time industries are being carried on without interference.

Such a place is Yangloutung. Ringed round by high hills, with a tiny river flashing in the sunlight, this little town, tucked away in a corner of Hupeh, very near the Hunan border, sends its productions to the ends of the earth, and bears a name famed in China for centuries.

The appearance of the town is striking. Instead of the miscellaneous collection of tumbledown cottages one usually sees, here we have large buildings, uniform in appearance, forming several regular streets, and about twenty chimneys, thirty or forty feet high, giving a note of distinction to the place. These large buildings with the chimneys are the tea-hongs. Over the doorways are many well-known signs, or 'chops,' as T'ien-shun or San-yuan; which names are known among tea-drinkers far and near.

The district of which Yangloutung is the centre produces large quantities of tea. The low hills are covered with terraces upon which grow the little tea-bushes, usually about two to three feet in height, with their dark-green camelia-like leaves. The soil is loose and sandy and rich in leaf-mould. In the spring the weather is very damp, which is most suitable for the tea plant, with plenty of hot sunshine between the rains. Tea-picking begins in the spring and early summer, and only the tender new leaves are gathered for the better kinds of tea, though for brick tea inferior leaves are largely used. During the picking season, men, women, and children all flock to the plantations, and the villages are almost deserted. This year the crop was poor, for the rains were too heavy and prevented the leaves being gathered until in many cases they had grown too large to be used for the best brands.

After the picking season has passed, the tea-hongs wake up from their long winter sleep. When the last of the tea has been dispatched, the large hongs close down, seal up their doors, and wait for the next harvest. They resume work each year on a lucky day, when they have a festive opening. Generally speaking, the hongs are about the same size, using but one press, and employing from fifty to eighty men regularly, with additional men, or women and children, when required.

The first step in making brick tea is to dry the leaves and sort them into different qualities. This is done mostly by women. Homes are deserted equally with the farms, and women and children go off to the tea-hongs for their annual harvest of wealth. Great piles of dry tea-leaves cover the ground inside the spacious hong. The deft fingers of the women divide these piles into three separate heaps, and the process is a very dusty one. The murk of the hong is rendered darker still by the dust, but the workers do not seem

[1] From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *December* 13

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to mind, for they are as cheery as can be, and laugh and joke as they do their work.

After the sorting comes the chopping — a process even more dusty than the former. A man, usually naked to the waist, sits on the mud floor, holding one end of a long curved knife about four feet in length, the other end of which is fastened to a frame. A second man, or a boy, feeds into this guillotine the stalks of tea, and these are cut up into lengths of about one inch, both leaves and stalks being thus treated. Other men take away the chopped tea and add it to the huge piles waiting for the next process. All is dust and dirt, and in the semidarkness, lit in the far corners by a smoky oil-lamp, the half-clad perspiring workers flit about like gnomes.

From this gloomy hall we pass into the actual brick-tea-making factory. It is much lighter here, less dusty, and noiser than ever. A row of huge pans, about six in number, are steaming and hissing, fed by great fires below, which accounts for the tall chimneys. Near the roasting-pans is a great bin full of tea-leaves, with smaller bins near by. To make the brick of tea three kinds of leaves are used. The centre of the brick consists of poor quality leaves with an abundance of small stalks, while the outer layers, both top and bottom, consist of much better quality leaves, with no stalks. Standing in the great bin of tea-leaves is a boy of about twelve, who spits continually into the pile of tea, for the work is very dusty, and the lad looks consumptive. He scoops a basketful of the dry leaves into a wicker receptacle, and deftly hangs it on a scale till the arm falls at about forty-five ounces. Then he hands the basket to a half-naked worker standing by the hissing fire, who drops the tea-leaves into a cloth and puts the whole into a pan. Meanwhile another worker has ready a few ounces of the better tea to make the outside covering of the brick, and this is heated in another cloth. About three minutes serves for the firing of the tea, after which it is taken out of the pan and is ready for the mould.

These moulds are themselves really fine pieces of work, resembling boxes with abnormally thick sides. They are locally made, as indeed is everything in the factory. The wood is four inches in thickness, and the inside of the box measures about twelve inches by seven, — though others are smaller, eight by five, — and about eight inches deep. Into this box is first dropped a small quantity of good tea, all steaming hot from the pans, then the large amount of inferior leaves and stalks, then a smaller amount of good tea again to make the other face. This mass of hot tea-leaves is pressed into the box by the worker, who then takes a slab of wood, an inch and a half thick, with two or three large Chinese characters incised deeply into its face. This slab of wood is dropped into the box, face down, and the whole clamped by wooden wedges. All this takes but a few moments, and the heavy box is passed on to the workers at the press.

This huge press is really a triumph of Chinese ingenuity. It stands ten feet high, and is made of huge timbers, the lever, itself a small tree, jutting out some ten feet in front. A mould is slid into the gaping jaws of the press, clamped securely, then eight or ten men, yelling wildly, hang on to the huge lever, which turns a stone cylinder, and that tightens the ropes that work the press. As the press descends heavy wedges are driven under the box to prevent its slipping back, and after a few mighty pulls the lever is relaxed and the box sent down an inclined plane to other workers, who place it on the pile of similar moulds ready to be opened.

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The opening of the moulds is done by another set of workers, one of whom first knocks out the wedges with a heavy wooden mallet, and then knocks out the bottom. The brick of tea, now reduced in thickness to about an inch, is finished, save that any rough edges are trimmed smooth by a man with scissors. Finally the bricks are sent off to the packing-room.

In this room are crates three feet by two, and about two feet in depth, made of bamboo strips, and in them the bricks of tea are packed, the whole crate being strongly bound by thongs and bamboo strips. Strong packing is necessary, for ere the crates reach their final destination they have to be carried thousands of miles by train, boat, wheelbarrow, camel, or yaks right into the heart of Mongolia or the Siberian steppes.

One factory alone has a steam press, run by a very old horizontal steam engine. All the other hongs still use hand presses. In former years a number of Russians spent the season at Yangloutung superintending the process of brick tea making, or acting as agents for its purchase.

From Yangloutung to Chao-li-ch'iao, the nearest station on the Hankow to Canton Railway, is between two and three miles. The road winds through country of great beauty, and along that narrow track, scarcely a yard wide, the tea is trundled on wheelbarrows, four crates, weighing three to four hundred pounds in all, on a barrow, until it reaches the station. The road is paved with granite slabs, but so great is the traffic on these heavy barrows that tracks an inch or more deep have been worn into the stone the whole length of the way.

MUSSOLINI THE MAN[1]

AN APPROVING INTERPRETATION

BY 'ONLOOKER'

MUSSOLINI, the founder of the Fascist movement in Italy, and the present Prime Minister, is a son of a simple blacksmith in Romagna. He is essentially, therefore, a man of the people, self-made, and one who has, through a hard school, learned intimately the hardships of the very poor. But Italy is a country where every family may have a history of its own. Thus the name of Mussolini has figured notably for many centuries.

A family of Mussolini that came originally from Argelato, a small village near Bologna, stalks dramatically through the town's archives, and to this day, in the oldest quarter of the city, there is a street called Via dei Mussolini. This family appeared to own large properties for upward of three hundred years, during which time the name of Mussolini occurs frequently in the annals, both civil and military, of Bologna. The family was rich, feudal, and among the noble families of the town at the end of the

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *July*

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twelfth century, with a coat of arms of six black lozenges in diagonal formation across a shield of burnished gold. In 1272 we read of a certain Giacomo Mussolini holding the rank of captain in the military force of those days, prophetically enough, a kind of volunteer citizen militia formed to keep order within the city walls, and to hold the peace between two warring factions.

In 1403 the Mussolini were expelled from Bologna for championing the city's fight for independence against the Visconti, but returned about a year later. However, in 1406 one Giacomo Mussolini was beheaded by the orders of the chief of the opposing party; and the surviving members of the family went into exile in various parts of Romagna, which explains why the name has continued to crop up in that part of the country. But, of course, there is no documentary evidence that to-day's Mussolini is descended from this ancient stock.

Benito Mussolini is without doubt a son of the people, and was born in June 1883 at Predappio in the province of Forlì. His father, Alessandro Mussolini, was the village blacksmith, and his mother, Rosa Maltoni, was an elementary-school teacher. Benito's father, a man of daring forward views, became an internationalist and free-thinker, and at one time was accused of revolutionary intrigues at Predappio, for which he was put on trial.

Of the two sons, Benito and Arnaldo, the former at a very tender age showed that he was passionate, high-spirited, and undisciplined. His parents realized that he should have a better education than the one they could give him at home, so he was sent to a College of Silesian friars at Faenza, an expense the family could ill afford, and they kept him there until he won the diploma of school-teacher. Young Benito was an intelligent pupil, but, even in those days, lawless and independent. He learned without effort the things that interested him, but he would not bow to the authority of his masters. Although silent and solitary by disposition, he gained an easy ascendancy over his comrades, and at his instigation they would undertake long excursions into the country during school hours, or play games when they should have been working.

Benito was eventually expelled from the College, to his father's profound indignation, and was next sent to study at Forlimpopoli and thence to Forlì, where he qualified as a schoolmaster. So that at the age of eighteen he was able to step forth free into the world, and to obtain a post as schoolmaster at Gualtieri, where, probably for the first time, our adolescent genius addressed a large gathering, upon which he made a deep impression.

But, apart from iron force of character and a burning love for his own company, Mussolini developed in these yeasty years a passion for literature, and lavished hours on end in solitary study and composition. It was now that he conceived and wrote both poems and novels, mostly short and to the point, and, though these are not the work of a finished artist, they reflect an ardent, thoughtful, and noble mind.

All this time he was certainly more influenced by his mother, an intelligent and devout woman, than by his father, the rebel of strong revolutionary and even antireligious tendencies. Although Benito fretted under the duties imposed by the Church, deep in his heart slumbered a strong spiritual consciousness, expressive of his stern and sombre self. Very little is known of him as schoolmaster, except that he was exactingly conscientious in his work, and beloved by the band of little scholars who sat at his feet. Otherwise

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he visited few people in the neighborhood, and spent all his spare time in the mute company of books.

He had been teacher for barely one year when he decided that he must broaden his outlook and launch into a fuller tide of life than that of elementary school teaching; and so, with very few lire in his pockets, he set forth for Switzerland. Arrived at the frontier, he was abruptly confronted with a Romagna paper with the news that his father had been arrested. For several feverish moments Benito hung in doubt as to what he should do. To return home meant stepping back into the petty life of the village; to march on was to make the whole world his province and perhaps to launch a memorable career. . . . He halted irresolute, then decided to continue his journey!

He had no money, no home, no settled profession — not an asset, in fact, but his indomitable spirit and enthusiasm. At Geneva he was found one night asleep under a bridge, and was promptly arrested as a vagabond. Soon after he got a job bricklaying, and went on to all kinds of manual labor in scattered parts of Switzerland, but always with the fixed resolve to retain his liberty at all costs, so as to read and learn and attend lectures at the universities. In this way he was able to follow, among others, a course of sociology by Wilfred Pareto, who held him in high esteem, and to win his diploma as professor of French.

There is a characteristic story of him about this time. Footsore, weary, and practically starving, he arrived, after a long tramp, at the outskirts of a small Swiss village, and so famished was he that he was constrained to beg bread at the open door of a house. A family of simple country folk were seated round their meagre board, and the children looked up and cried at the sight of this uncouth stranger. He was given bread, and went away trembling with indignation at the pity he had been forced to plead for. On he trudged some miles, still carrying the loaf which the peasants had given him, not daring to put his teeth into it. But all of a sudden his empty stomach got the better of his amour propre; he bit off a piece of bread, and began to munch it slowly. Then he suddenly stopped, and, spitting out the morsels he had in his mouth, he hurled the rest of the loaf violently into a ditch and finished his tramp through the night, alone and fasting.

In Switzerland, Mussolini spent his time among the laboring classes, learning their workaday life. He began to speak at their meetings, and, being a born organizer, he founded trade-unions and fomented strikes. He was expelled from the cantons of Vaud and Geneva. One daring episode at a mass meeting held by Jaurès is typical. Quite young and unknown, Mussolini yet went to the gathering and had the audacity to get up and contradict the great French Socialist leader, swearing that Jaurès's nostrums could never reach any practical results. For, even at this time, Mussolini was what Italians call a *realizzatore* — that is, a facer of facts, not fancies. And this was the reason that decided him years later to abandon Socialism. He became an outlaw from Switzerland and was forced to return to Italy, reaching Oneglia in Liguria, where he scraped together a living for a while teaching French. But he was always a marked man, under close surveillance of the police, which he so resented that he left for Marseille, where he gained great popularity organizing a strike. He was then expelled from France, and returned once more to Italy, when he served his term in the Army with the Bersaglieri at Verona.

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In 1905 came the first and most serious spiritual crisis in Mussolini's life, and with it a nervous breakdown. His mother died about this time, the mother who had always been for him a moral rock upon which he could lean — so much so that the thought of her always comforted and gave him fresh courage in his dark hours of depression and misery. The shock of her death, strong man though he was, stunned him into temporary paralysis. He was long ill, and on recovery left his country again for Trento, where he worked on a paper published by Cesare Battisti, who later fell in the Great War. In this paper, which was ever suspect to the Austrian police, Mussolini dared, in 1909, to publish this challenge: 'The real frontier of Italy does not stop at Ala.' He was then expelled from Austria, returning to Forlì in Romagna, where he founded a Socialist weekly paper of his own, *La Lotta di Classe*.

Romagna at that time was divided into two parties, the Republicans (comparatively Conservative) and the Socialists, a strong faction. Mussolini had been married then about a year, and when his first daughter was born to him he was living on one hundred and twenty lire a month. He was still a solitary man of few words, and a hater of half-measures and falsities. As for his looks, he was so ill clad, and his face so stubbly, shaggy, and bearded, that the many admirers of to-day's classic countenance would have had a job to distinguish it then.

His polemical struggles were always conducted in the grand manner, and, although violent and personal, they bespoke a deep sense of the duty of every politican to educate his followers. 'We prefer quality to quantity. Instead of a large flock, let us have a small one composed of sheep that will not run away at the first howl of the wolf. We prefer also a small definite nucleus of courageous people who have discovered a reason for their beliefs, and who, knowing what they want, march unswerving to the goal.' Such were the ringing phrases he hammered out in those days. But strikes and riots were convulsing Romagna, and Mussolini had to realize with sadness, 'The masses *will not* fight.' The Socialists had sent representatives to Parliament, and Mussolini observed: 'Among all the victims of paralysis who cumber the corridors of Montecitorio, the Socialist Deputies are those who suffer from the worst form'; and again: 'The Italian Parliament is no good! . . . It must either change or perish.'

He was beloved of many, hated by more; and he wrote: 'If I did not know that there is a thick net of love and hatred around me, life would hardly be bearable.' He found consolation in his humble home, playing the violin and devouring books. 'My life is an open book in which can be read these three words: study, misery, combat.'

He always disagreed with most of the Socialist leaders, although he appeared to belong to them. He found them *too democratic*, weak, chary of action, over-ready to compromise, yoked to the Masonic set, wobbling between reform and revolution, lacking, above all, spirit, faith, and force. As leader of the local Socialists from Romagna, he used to address the main congresses of the Party, criticizing its captains and compelling them to adopt his own resolutions. His motto was 'Fight while constructing.'

In 1911, when Italy began the war for Tripoli, Mussolini opposed it. He declared that colonial wars should be fought only when the advantages corresponded to the sacrifices made, which here was not the case. His fellow Socialists accused him of being a Nationalist; to which he replied: 'Italy

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as I should wish and love it to be is a country that would recognize the duty and undertake the task of redeeming its people from their double misery — economic and moral.' Yet he was sent for trial and condemned to a year's imprisonment for having organized demonstrations against the war. He went to prison peacefully, and with great calm. 'This is,' he said, 'a good occasion to rest and to study.' In fact, it was while in jail that he finished writing an historical work on John Huss.

In 1913 he was appointed editor of the *Avanti*, the most important daily Socialist paper in Italy, and in that capacity he was considered the leader and spokesman of the extremist section of the Party; though, in reality, the difference between him and his fellow Socialists was that he alone saw in Socialism, as he thought, the chance of tackling that vital problem, the education of those slaves of modern society, the working classes, and their reclamation from serfdom. Mussolini was a revolutionary, as many young, sincere, and passionate humanitarians have been before him, and upon the altar of the people's cause he was prepared to sacrifice his peace, his liberty, perhaps even his life. No wonder that from 1913 to the summer of 1914 he was the most listened to and feared leader of Italian Socialism.

We have now followed this man up to the outbreak of war, when he developed a new line of activity so unexpectedly that it amazed many who had never really understood him. During the first months of the struggle Mussolini went through, perhaps, the most serious crisis of his life, coming in October 1914 to his great decision. He gave up the editorship of the *Avanti*, and declared himself in favor of Italy's entry into the war on the side of the Allies, and swiftly too. His reasons may be summed up thus: to revive in Italians the old heroic spirit; to raise Italy's position in the cabinet of nations; and, through the war, to launch an economic revolution in the habits and lives of its citizens and governing classes, until the sense of social values was altered. For Mussolini, the revolution was bound to start with the war.

On October 25, 1914, he appeared before the Socialist assembly at Milan, which was to judge, condemn, and expel him. When he stood up, the audience howled, whistled, and even threatened him with death. Finally, Mussolini rose to address it, but, instead of defending himself, he attacked, accusing the Italian Socialists of vile, irresolute, *petit bourgeois* insincerity. He even wound up with menaces: 'I shall have no indulgence and no pity for those who, in this tragic hour, do not express their opinion in a clear and definite manner.' And he finished with these words: 'You hate me to-day, because you still love me. . . .'

On November 15, 1914, appeared the first number of his own daily paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia;* and the leading article by Mussolini was headed 'Audacity.' The paper had a miserable existence; there was often hardly enough money to pay the staff, and Mussolini's brother, Arnaldo, worked miracles as manager, struggling on from issue to issue.

To-day it is common knowledge that the *Popolo d'Italia* was the deciding factor in forcing public opinion to range Italy upon the side of the Allies in the war. Groups of young war enthusiasts from each advanced Party soon rallied round the paper — Republicans, Socialists, Anarchists, and Radicals. Mussolini had become a symbol, an idol. In the May of 1915 Italy came into the war. Mussolini offered himself as a volunteer. He was turned

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down, being still suspect as a revolutionary by many of the old generals in command. He had to wait many aching months — until, indeed, the men of his year were called up.

In September 1915 he went into the trenches for the first time as a private in the Bersaglieri. In the following year he was to have got his commission, but the old military authorities once again said 'No.' Back he went to the trenches as a Tommy, to be promoted later a lance-corporal on the field, and then a corporal, the highest grade he reached. He fought in the Alps and on the Carso, until February 1917, when he was seriously wounded by the explosion of a bomb. He was taken to a field hospital, which was bombarded by the Austrians, and the wing where he lay was the only part of the building that was not destroyed. He got leave and hobbled about for many months on crutches. Even to-day there are left stray bits of shell in his body. He took up the editorship of the paper again, and supported the cause of resistance at all costs. The fall of Caporetto came as a terrible shock, however expected, and was followed by Mussolini's second breakdown. For two weeks he lay in a state of despair, weeping at night and passing most of the day inert and utterly incapable of action or thought.

The news of the defense on the Piave gave him fresh courage. He took up the fight once more. In 1917 and 1918, besides working for his paper, he toured Italy, speaking upon the importance of national discipline and resistance to the bitter end.

Parliament and the politician at Rome were, according to him, the chief causes of the country's debility during the war. Let us quote his own words at that time: 'Political liberty: liberty to betray, to destroy the Motherland, to shed more blood. This political liberty is paradoxical. The country must not be denied, it must be conquered. Democracy does not signify descending to low standards. Democracy means to ascend! It means to elevate the lowest classes to higher standards!' 'This war, largely democratic at the beginning, is becoming aristocratic. . . . It is a question now of the best fighters being chosen from the masses. Our country is young, but its forms of government are too old.'

In 1919, when the tide of discontent had inundated Italy, and Bolshevist disorder jeopardized civil and national life, Mussolini, almost alone, still championed these truths, and fought his own battle. He was threatened with assassination; he was uniquely unpopular; he was poor; and his old Socialist colleagues execrated one who to them was a traitor. He had the grit to persevere, to maintain continually that Italy's entry into the war was right, and to attack the spiritless slaves of demagogues who exploited war-weariness and greed.

On the twenty-third of March, 1919, the first *Fascio di Combattimento* was formed at Milan, representing not more than fifty persons. The important papers in Italy were suspicious or indifferent. For them, Mussolini published in the *Popolo d'Italia* these prophetic words: 'One day you will talk about Fascismo.' And indeed they soon talked about nothing else, until, from 1920 onward, the history of Fascismo can be said to be the history of Italy. Only in 1921 did the *Fascio di Combattimento* take the name of National Fascista Party, and the number of its members, which in 1921 was a few thousand, is to-day over seven hundred thousand. Fascismo also has organized national trade-unions and a militia for volunteers, who are only paid when on active service they help to maintain order.

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These few facts about Mussolini and his powerful activities must suffice. But well-wishers still ask about the theories and doctrines of the portent, Mussolini. The answer is, there are none. Mussolini was, first and last, practical; a man of action; a devotee of deeds, even in his writings. His prose is like pistol shots — abrupt, swift, straight-flying. One has an impression that the author sits down to rest awhile from heavy daily duty just to reproduce a résumé of his labors. His style is that of the war bulletin — tight with facts, crude in its conclusions; above all, outspoken.

Doctrines and theories do not exist for Mussolini; but read through his leading articles from 1914 to 1922, and note how much which experience has since made evident to the world was foreseen and foretold by this exceptional creature; and how much European civilization owes to a realist who had no prejudices of his own, but captivating common-sense, and infectious energy and courage.

Mussolini, intellectually even, is self-made. The lack of normal higher education to focus thought and harness imagination has made him the victim at times of a fresh fancy or the last book he has happened to read. His thought, therefore, may leap out of the formal track and stray into the void. But these are only temporary deviations. Life itself will bring him back with a bump to the ground of every day. And, however paradoxical his speech, his decisions are generally sound, coherent, and true to principles that have guided him through the whole of his stormy days.

Mussolini has found time, while at the head of the Government, to study English and to read Machiavelli again. He has been severely criticized, even in England, for certain caustic comments upon these august works. But a few months later, when a Member of the House in Rome chanced to mention the Premier's interest in Machiavelli, Mussolini interrupted him, saying, with a smile: 'I don't read him any more; I have changed my author!' Much of Mussolini's character lies in this humorous retort. Mussolini himself is amusedly aware of this contrast in outlook, and distinguishes very definitely what is temporary and incidental from what is lasting and absolute. At the former he will smile, but he will fight to the death for the latter; and he is so confident of the ultimate success of his cause that all who work with him are thrilled and exalted by his happy, ready assurance.

In November 1918 the whole staff of the *Popolo d'Italia* met at a dinner in Milan to commemorate the foundation of the paper. During the evening Mussolini addressed his colleagues and promised that next year the paper should have new buildings of its own with a club for the comfort of the staff. But it happened that in November 1919 the *Popolo d'Italia* was still being published in the same ugly premises, and the very day of its anniversary Mussolini had to spend in prison by order of Signor Nitti, who was then the Prime Minister. He was released in the evening, and some friends, who accompanied him home in a cab, reminded him of his optimistic prophecy of a year ago.

'My forecast was correct,' he answered, 'but I evidently made a mistake in the date.'

It was actually three years before the prediction materialized; but the fact remains that it *did!*

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THE BALL AT THE NARYSHKINS [1]

AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT OF 'WAR AND PEACE'

BY LEO TOLSTOI

[THIS unpublished episode from Tolstoi's great novel has just been brought to light in Russia. The scene is laid at St. Petersburg, just before the Napoleonic invasion, between the Treaty of Tilsit and the burning of Moscow.]

A GREAT ball was given for the carnival of 1811 at the home of Lev Kirillovich Naryshkin, a high nobleman of Catherine's court. The diplomatic corps, Lauriston [Napoleon's messenger to the Tsar], and the Tsar were to be present, and the famous palace on the English Quai was a blaze of light. Not only the ordinary police-guard, but the prefect of police himself, stood near the broad carpeted entrance of the grand portal. Dozens of officers and hundreds of carriages with their plumed footmen arrived in quick succession. Officers in uniforms covered with ribbons and jeweled decorations, and ladies dressed in satin and ermine, stepped lightly out of them and flitted, like quick-passing visions of beautiful form and movement, before the eyes of the dazzled crowd without and vanished inside the building. Almost every time that a new carriage with footmen in brilliant livery arrived a murmur would sweep through the mass of spectators, all heads would be uncovered.

'Was it the Tsar?'

'No, a minister, a prince, an ambassador.'

'Did n't you see the cockades?' somebody in the crowd would ask. One of the spectators seemed to know all the arrivals, and mentioned familiarly by name the best-known members of the nobility.

At length there was a general stir. The prefect of police lifted his hand to the border of his kepi, and the Tsar passed quickly down the strip of red carpet, his lacquered boots and glittering spurs sparkling in the light. Hats were raised, and the familiar profile of the elegant young monarch, his hair brushed smoothly back from his high forehead and plastered behind his ears, quickly vanished from sight. The Tsar had carried in his hands a plumed hat, and in passing had dropped a remark to the prefect of police, who bent stiffly forward to catch the words. The music of a great orchestra was audible from inside, and the shadows of men and women moving about were visible against the lighted windows.

The Tsar was worried, but that was not apparent except to those who were closest to him and who had been summoned to help draft the answer to Napoleon.

One of these was Prince Kurakin, who had just left the Tsar and had an important matter to dispatch before the following morning. He intended to devote the rest of the night to the work. But just when the Tsar entered he was in the midst of a circle of women, fairly submerged in a sea of gauzy gar-

[1] From *Novy Mir* (Moscow literary monthly), *June*

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ments and laces, of bare shoulders and flowers. He held an open enameled snuffbox in his hand, and his face was happy and carefree as he lavished compliments right and left with a pleasant smile and brushed off the snuff that had fallen on the lace of his cuffs and on the cordon he wore under his embroidered waistcoat. He was like a bundle of springs; his facial expression and the sparkle in his eyes changed every moment. His scanty hair and gray whiskers were almost disheveled. His complexion was very dark, and added to the pleasant effect of his slender, well-proportioned figure in court dress.

Besides cares of state, whose gravity only he and a few others realized, he had personal worries of his own. When the conversation between the Courts at St. Petersburg and the Tuileries took an unfriendly turn, his two sons were abroad finishing their French education in the approved way by *le grand tour*. He had considered it prudent to call them home at once from Paris, where they were enjoying themselves immensely. They had reached Russia only a month before, in company with their tutor, *Monsieur l'abbé*. The elder, who was twenty years old, had taken a post in the Foreign Office, to his father's great satisfaction. He was already at the ball under his father's very eyes, wearing a suit and shoes of the latest Parisian fashion, still new in St. Petersburg and sufficiently different from the prevailing mode to attract attention. He stood beside the chair of a lady who was seated, talking to her with a self-possession and diplomatic reserve that completely reassured his father. The youth's regular features, aquiline nose, thin lips, slender, well-formed body, and above all his self-possessed, non-committal smile, marked him as a man who had found his place in the world and knew how to fill it.

The Prince's younger son, Peter, was eighteen years old. He was the perfect picture of his father, who loved him as much as he was capable of loving anything, but who had serious misgivings regarding his future. He was not in the public service, because he hated a diplomatic career — hated it quite as much as his father hated the profession of a cavalry-guard officer upon which Peter Kurakin had set his heart. Since returning to St. Petersburg the young man, in defiance of the parental wishes, had refused to go into society. He still continued to lead the life of a *viveur parisien* — with the difference, of course, that his position as a wealthy, handsome lad and the son of a great nobleman made in Russia. The whole town was talking of his extravagances. This evening he was at last to make his first appearance in the social world. It was for that reason that the old Prince's eyes kept traveling past the diamonds, the pearls, and bare shoulders around him to the doorway, even after the Tsar had passed near him and had responded by a friendly gesture to his respectful salute.

Since eleven o'clock that evening the master and mistress of the mansion had stood at the foot of the broad entrance-stairway bordered with flowers and mirrors, until the Tsar himself arrived. Thereupon they immediately quitted their post and followed His Majesty. Everyone of prominence, brilliance, and social position had passed the two hosts, and had heard from each of them the same formula of politeness. The master of the house had said: 'Enchanted to see you at our home.' The mistress had said: 'I'm charmed to see you this evening.' It is unnecessary to say they spoke only French.

The persons who attracted the most particular attention were Count Zubtsov, a cavalry captain who had just been promoted to the post of the Tsar's aide-de-camp, and to dine at the Im-

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perial Palace; Kniachnina, a maid of honor famous for her beauty and recently married to Prince Kushnev, one of the richest young men in Russia, who was influential at Court although he was not attached to any public service; young Prince Kurakin, already famous for his escapades, who had come in just behind the Tsar; and last of all a lady who was little known but who was the wife of Lieutenant Berg, an officer of the suite, who had been honored with an invitation for unknown reasons. This lady had been educated as a poor young girl at the home of Princess Kurakin, and had attracted little attention except by her talent as a musician and a painter. Yet no one could deny that she was extraordinarily beautiful, charming, gracious, and distinguished.

She came neither too soon nor too late, and entered neither too fast nor too slow, on the arm of her husband, the officer of the suite. The latter was a tall, awkward man with regular but unprepossessing features. On the other hand, every movement of his fair consort was light, gracious, and easy — when she mounted the stairway lifting the train of her blue gown, when she turned her blonde head to one side, when she arranged with a light touch of her fingers the blue flowers in her coiffure, when she handed the bouquet she held to her husband and took it back again. She wore no jewels except a long pearl necklace that fell very low on her bosom. Her gown was extremely décolleté even for the fashion of the time, but she was so simple and natural and innocently self-possessed that no one criticized this. When the mistress of the mansion greeted her, Madame Berg's face lighted up with a smile so grateful and appreciative that a person across the room would have been absolutely sure that she had just been paid an especially pleasing compliment. As a matter of fact, however, her hostess simply said that she was charmed, as she had to the others, and, with her instinctive habit of putting people at once in their proper place and making them know it, had immediately turned away from her with a movement of marked coolness.

Another woman, less gracious and less beautiful, might have been disconcerted and have made the mistake of glancing around for sympathy or seeking a friendly glance. But Madame Berg anticipated her hostess, and by a light nod of the head and a smile produced the impression that she had finished what she had to say and did not wish to trouble her longer. Without lowering her eyes and without the slightest sign of embarrassment, she looked around the room and moved on calmly, gracefully, and self-assured, knowing full well that a thousand curious eyes were turned toward her with involuntary admiration.

Madame Berg's husband separated from her in the first room they entered and mingled gloomily in the throng of men. There he halted with solemn and affected gravity, one foot thrust forward, holding his sword with one hand and his kepi in the other. Madame Berg might have been lost, for there was no one else in the room, except Princess Kurakin, her son, and a gentleman of the guard, whom she knew. No one advanced to greet her as she passed, as they did to the other ladies, although she heard people in the throng murmur: 'Who is she?' 'Who 's that lady in blue?' 'Is n't she beautiful?'

She had to choose between turning to the right toward Princess Kurakin, or to the left toward the gentleman of the guard, or going straight ahead toward the elder son of Prince Kurakin. Instantly she told herself that the gentleman of the guard was himself not quite at home in this society and so she

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should not greet him, and that the elder of the Kurakin boys was indolent and would merely bow. But she saw that the Princess, seated as she was, could not escape. So she passed close to Prince Kurakin on her way toward his mother, but as if by accident. A murmur 'Who is she?' reached the ear of the Prince. He turned and bowed, but hesitated a moment. Madame Berg moved her fan lightly; her smile and her gray-green eyes suddenly lighted up all so charmingly that Ivan Kurakin made a motion to approach her. But without awaiting him, she turned to the old lady; and again everyone fancied from her smile that the Princess was saying something extremely kind. A moment later the wearied Princess introduced to her the Secretary of the French Embassy, who was standing near. Ivan Kurakin came up at the same time, and Madame Berg's situation was saved. People noticed her without wishing to do so. A young aide-de-camp asked to be introduced in a voice loud enough for her to hear. Semekin, the diplomat, gave her, as he did every lady, a nickname. He called her the 'Blue Angel,' and 'Blue Angel' was passed from mouth to mouth.

'How beautiful you 've grown, *ma bonne*,' old Prince Kurakin said to her as the dancing began. 'You 've been concealing your beauty from us because you did n't consider us worthy of it.'

'I owe you and you alone all that I am,' she said, lowering her eyes.

'The Tsar noticed you,' added the Prince. 'He said: "Who 's that young lady?"'

Madame Berg could not lower her eyes again, for they were already lowered. She blushed, and her pearl necklace rose and fell upon her heaving bosom.

A little after Madame Berg's arrival Princess Kushnev appeared. Her manner of entering was quite different. From the moment she reached the stairway to the end of the ball she bore herself with stately dignity. She was dressed in very bright yellow — something that only she could venture, as she was considered the reigning beauty of the season. The bright sparkle of her black eyes under their long arched brows, her white arms and shoulders, her luxuriant black tresses, her tall figure, her proud manner, a just perceptible expression of contempt playing about her lips and teeth, and her sparkling jewels, irresistibly drew toward her every eye. People whispered on all sides: 'My lord, how handsome she is this evening!' A diplomat had christened her Venus Victorious. From the moment she entered she was surrounded by a circle of admirers. She spoke deliberately, briefly, and simply in reply to every question addressed to her, with a slight smile that seemed to say: 'You see how they chase after me. It 's an awful bore for me, but if you enjoy it, so do the others likewise.' The Tsar approached and conversed with her. Her expression remained unchanged — beautiful, smiling, with a touch of hauteur.

Young Kushnev was a tall, fat, myopic man, with a large head, and about twenty-five years old. He was smooth-shaven, his hair was closely cropped, and he wore short-sight glasses. He swaggered when he walked, swinging his arms and bending forward with a careless awkwardness as if he were starting on a long and tiresome journey. He greeted people by jerky bows, nodding his head and shaking hands with everyone he met. In fact, he knew almost everybody; and if he made a mistake and addressed a person with whom he was not acquainted, he nodded and shook hands nevertheless. He walked straight ahead, turning aside for no one, and assuming that others

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would make way for him. When he ran into a man he simply shook hands with him. He called everybody *Mon cher*, with a broad, affected smile, and did not take the slightest trouble to conceal the affectation.

Kushnev fell upon Zubtsov, who had quite a party of people around him seeking to win the new aide-de-camp's favor, grasped the young officer's hand without raising it, — he seemed unable to lift his own hand higher than the elbow, — dragged him toward a window, and sat down.

'Here a long time, *mon cher?*' he said as he took his chair, breathing heavily as if he had made a march of thirty versts. His face shone with a smile quite different from his usual affected grimace — a smile radiant with kindness and infantile naïveté. He studied Zubtsov closely through his spectacles, and his green eyes were even more friendly than his smile.

Zubtsov seemed equally happy to meet his comrade. They had grown up together and had learned to dance together. But there was also a gracious and caressing irony in the pleasure that lighted Zubtsov's face as he gazed at the droll fellow, who evoked the same sentiment of irony in every person who met him.

'How do you happen to be here?' asked Kushnev. 'You 've come from Turkey. I've heard you won laurels down there. Anyhow, I'm awfully glad to see you. And what's that — adjutant?' he added, pointing to Zubtsov's shoulder knots.

Kushnev did not know the news that was agitating the whole city, — that Zubtsov had been promoted to be the Tsar's aide-de-camp, — and he was not able to distinguish an aide-de-camp from an adjutant. He may have known at some time, but he had forgotten.

'Ah, that's just like you,' said Zubtsov, laughing and blushing slightly. 'I've been appointed aide-de-camp.'

'That's so. My wife said something about it, but I thought it must be some other Zubtsov.'

'There is n't any other.'

'Good. Never mind, I'm awfully fond of you,' said Kushnev, contemplating his friend with rapt attention, regardless of every other person in the room, as if the two had been alone in the middle of a desert. Zubtsov's eyes, on the contrary, roved all over the room as he talked and took in every new arrival. He saw the Tsar enter, and rose, nudging Kushnev to do the same. But the Tsar had not passed when Kushnev resumed the conversation.

'Well, now, what do you say of Bonaparte, eh? Here they call him Emperor Napoleon, but I don't go for that. My only name for him is an eccentric scoundrel who never gives people any rest.'

'Sh-sh,' said Zubtsov, looking shocked and indicating Lauriston, who was passing close to them.

'Huh? I tell everybody what I think — even Caulaincourt.'

'All right, we'll speak of that again,' said Zubtsov, still smiling and looking over the company in another direction. 'Tell me how it is you got married.'

'Why I got married? God knows. My father and mother wanted me to, and so did she. It pleased them all tremendously. Honestly, it did n't matter much to me, and it gave so much pleasure to others. You had better come and get acquainted with my wife. That will put you right immediately. You've got to do something like that. A newcomer like you must have a patroness, my brilliant Turkish warrior. It gives you position. D'you understand?'

'Yes.'

'Come, then, come.' And again

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swinging his arms and lurching across the room with his head thrust out in front of him, Kushnev dragged Zubtsov in his wake, forcing a path between ladies, generals, and ambassadors toward his wife, who was surrounded by a circle of admirers and just then talking with a general.

'Nathalie!' he said. She paid no attention.

'Nathalie!' he said more loudly, almost nudging her. 'I introduce Boris Zubtsov. You know who he is. He's been in love with you from his childhood.'

Leaving Zubtsov there, he went back to the window, where he began to argue with old Volkhonski on the subject of Napoleon. The Princess smiled at Zubtsov with the same stereotyped hauteur that she showed all the others. She had met him two years before. Had he found it dull down in Turkey? Would she give him the first quadrille? The first? Ah, no, the third, if you please. Ah, I had forgotten — yes, the third. And the waltz?

Then the young aide-de-camp, with his brand-new shoulder knots, drew away to where a party of men had gathered. He was blonde, tall, well built, vigorous, with the discreet and self-sufficient manner of an officer, and wore his hair in exactly the same way as Tsar Alexander. He attracted attention less by his dignity of manner and rank as a *grand seigneur* than by the freshness, naturalness, and self-command expressed by his features — qualities that came from an active life in the field and that distinguished him at once from the young men of St. Petersburg. His face, his carriage, his movements, and above all his youthful habit of blushing to the ears, bespoke unspoiled youth. Moreover, everybody could see how interesting and novel he found the dancing and the crowd of fashionable ladies, after his long service at the front. He evidently took promotion and society success very seriously, as he did his special duties on this occasion. He had prepared for the latter by bringing two pairs of perfectly new gloves in his pocket for the dance.

A few minutes elapsed after the Tsar's arrival. In every room people felt a subtle attraction toward the place where the monarch stood. The guests listened intently to each word he addressed to the ladies or the gentlemen as he passed by. There was a clear space in his immediate vicinity, but just beyond it a dense circle gathered, from which every eye gazed covetously upon the place where the Tsar stood and where everything seemed more brilliant and beautiful than elsewhere. The leader of the orchestra, at a given signal, turned toward the musicians and imposed silence. A murmur ran through the company; then everyone was quiet as the musicians struck up a polonaise.

The Tsar, who was talking with Lauriston, turned around, searching with his eyes for the mistress of the mansion, who, as if by accident, was standing a short distance away talking to Prince Kurakin. He gave her his hand; the couples formed and took their places on the floor. Madame Kushnev danced with Ivan Kurakin, Madame Berg with the Secretary who had been introduced to her. Berg stood in the midst of the crowd, his long neck projecting from his stiff collar just behind the epaulet of a general, and looked daggers at everyone who jostled him. Zubtsov led out the daughter of the hostess

After the polonaise there was another moment of silence, during which old Prince Kurakin, with a flush of anger, caught sight of his madcap boy, who was arriving late in company with his chum, Baron Schultz. He at once went up to him.

'So this is the way you get here, a

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two o'clock in the morning, to a dance where the Tsar is present,' he said angrily, and turned away.

'But affairs of State? You ordered me to do my work, and I could n't leave it,' answered the boy with laughing eyes but imperturbable dignity.

'You 'll always be the same silly fool.'

'Papa,' the lad said, almost laughing, 'is it impolite to arrive after the Tsar?'

'What do you suppose!' exclaimed the father.

'Well, you see, I wanted to save the Tsar from the impoliteness of arriving later than I did.'

Peter Kurakin was a young man of slender build, with curly blonde hair and black eyes. He was dressed in a rather original way, and walked with long steps, bending his knees forward and dragging his feet behind him. But his movements were as graceful as his manner. His eyes were constantly laughing. Had it not been for that, they might have looked insolent. His lips were slightly parted, and there was a scarcely perceptible down on his chin. But his features, the expression of his eyes, all his movements, were in striking contrast with those of Zubtsov. In spite of his extreme youth and beauty, there was not the slightest suggestion of the unspoiled freshness of the young aide-de-camp in either his countenance or his gestures.

In spite of the error of his late arrival, he was welcomed cordially by the master and the mistress of the house. His reputation as a wag was so well established that it was only necessary for him to explain, with an excessively serious air, that he had been detained by affairs of State for the hostess to smile and shrug her shoulders, as if to say, 'Incorrigible scamp.'

Baron Schultz, a tall, tawny, bearded fellow dressed exactly like Kurakin, also bowed with a smile before his host and hostess. But he was speedily made to understand, to his immense surprise, that they did not pardon in him an offense that they readily overlooked in his young companion. They scarcely returned his profound obeisances. He was disconcerted, and an unpleasant expression flashed across his face.

During the pause after the polonaise everyone stood in a waiting attitude. People changed partners and chatted in a subdued voice, while a large empty space was formed on the floor for the next dance. Again the director of the orchestra, straightening his white cravat, lowered his eyes and turned toward the musicians. He imposed silence, waved both arms, stood motionless, lifted his baton, and the musicians struck up a pretty waltz, played with all the care and precision of which they were capable. For a moment no one made a move to begin. The circle grew larger. Then Zubtsov removed his sword and helmet, and walked directly across the floor to join Madame Kushnev. He bowed to her, they took position, stood motionless a moment, and then, as a hush fell over the guests, began slowly to waltz, to the accompaniment of the violins playing as if they were a single instrument. Everybody involuntarily paused a moment to watch the handsome couple. The metallic clicking of the young officer's spurs punctuated the music. The Tsar likewise watched them. He noticed that Zubtsov did not have the blasé air of the other young men in St. Petersburg, but danced with all his soul. The next to appear on the floor were Baron Schultz and his partner, and before Zubtsov had time to lead his lady back to her place the entire floor was filled with dancers and the ball had begun.

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IN A LAND OF MANY TONGUES[1]

BY EUGEN LEWIN DORSCH

I REACHED Oderberg from Berlin on a gray, foggy autumn afternoon. Here I had to wait eight hours for the train that runs from Prague through the full length of Czechoslovakia from the German and Polish border to Rumania. It was a pitch-black night when the express train arrived, and nothing was visible as we sped along close to the Polish frontier. The cars were crowded, but with luggage rather than with people. Boxes, trunks, and, above all, great cumbersome bundles as large as elephants and seeming to symbolize the extensive massiveness of Eastern Europe, cluttered the aisles and benches. It was as if every traveler was bound for a destination an infinite distance away, instead of for the next village.

I found a place with some difficulty among Czechs and Slovaks. Next to me sat an Eastern Jew with a curly beard and earlocks. Everybody talked Czech at a lively rate. When the first gray of dawn at length began to lighten the East, the Jew rose and in German with an Eastern accent said: 'I trust the gentlemen will permit me to say my morning prayers.' So while the conversation sank to a low murmur and finally stopped entirely, the Jew drew from a little trunk his white, black-bordered prayer robe, threw it loosely over his head and shoulders, took his phylacteries out of his purse, bound them in the prescribed manner around his arm and brow, so that the little black lockets with the holy parchment projected like a horn from his forehead, and prayed, turning toward the East and the rising sun.

The thinning fog, shot through with sunbeams sparkling like steel darts, gradually rolled away, leaving a deep-blue heaven that seemed to have gathered to itself all the radiance of departing summer. Autumn colors were laid with a heavy brush on forest and meadow. Our train kept climbing higher, threading the Yablunka Pass that forms the portal of Slovakia. The mountains on either side the road grew bolder. Dark pine-forests hiding mysterious depths of darkness, and laughing white-birch groves shimmering with golden foliage, climbed the rocky heights. Foaming torrents plunged from high precipices into deep canyons, over which the train crossed on lofty bridges. Shaggy goats leaped from boulder to boulder, and the sound of tinkling cowbells reached our ears from the herds grazing in green valley-bottoms. Here and there we passed a Slovak peasant house. Shepherds clad in bright-colored garments stared at the train.

After passing Sillein, a junction point at which our train made a long stop, the landscape grew still wilder. The railway hugged the course of an emerald-green mountain torrent. At times the valley contracted to a narrow canyon with high precipices on either side, only to widen again into broad stretches of verdant meadow.

Across a wide strip of prairie bordered by pine forests my eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of the snow-capped peaks of the High Tatra. In the bright

[1] From *Die Glocke* (Socialist chauvinist weekly), *April* 18, 25

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glow of the midday sun its yellow precipices reflected a golden light, while close to the summit ice shone like silver above dark-green bands of forest. Gradually the whole glorious panorama stood revealed. Mountain beyond mountain joined hands to form a continuous rampart of giant peaks.

We passed station after station with strange other-worldly names. At Poprad in the District of Zips, which has been settled by Germans from time immemorial, we reached the highest point on the line and headed with increasing speed down-grade toward the southeast, out of the mountains and into the Hungarian lowlands, the wide 'Puszta.' The mountain streams now flowed toward the Theiss, the mighty tributary of the Danube.

In the afternoon we reached Kaschau, the second-largest town in Slovakia, with more than fifty thousand inhabitants. It lies on the bank of the Hernad, a tributary of the Theiss. Here I realized that I was leaving Europe. Train time had brought every idler in the community to the station. Great crowds awaited our arrival and stared at us like wide-eyed children. We had reached a land of abundant leisure.

Speech, costumes, pose, and features all showed how mixed the population is. German, Yiddish, Slovak, Ruthenian, and Magyar were heard on every side. A little group of Czech officials stood waiting in red-trimmed khaki uniforms — customs officers and border police. Yonder came an Old Testament Jew with his peculiar felt hat, and next to him a Hungarian gentleman in colored-silk socks and 'shimmy shoes.' He in turn was shouldered by a huge Slovak peasant wearing a Frisian jacket and richly embroidered shirt held at the waist by a handsome leather belt with elaborate metal ornaments. A party of Slovak peasant women with bright-flowered belted coats and sheepskin boots stood staring at us. A pretty gypsy woman whose face was evidently a stranger to soap boarded the train gesticulating violently and talking volubly. *Jo estet kivanok!* — 'I wish you good-day.' She laughed with glittering teeth and opened the cover of a basket. A pretty little dove came out, hopped confidently from the hand of one traveler to another, and told his fortune for a couple of pennies. They were on their way to the big annual fair at Bucharest.

Soon after leaving Kaschau the mountains retreat from the railway line, and we plunged into the broad, sunny infinity of the Hungarian plain. At this point the railway runs close to the border of Hungary. Not far from the line a side range of the Carpathians advanced to meet us. Carpathian rivers hurried through deep-cut channels athwart our course. We crossed them on high viaducts. As our train sped through the sun-bathed meadows, white, long-horned Hungarian cattle lifted their heads to stare at us. Others in the remote distance looked like dim white specks. Occasionally a well-sweep rose aloft by the side of some low, straggling peasant-house built of yellow brick and thatched with straw.

At Cop, a little town but an important railway-junction, we made another extended stop. Here too we found a Babylonian confusion of tongues. People were clothed in brighter colors. They gesticulated more violently and expressively when they talked. Tall, blonde-haired Ruthenian peasants with white lambskin caps upon their heads and white lambskin mantles lined with red over their shoulders, Czech officials, Hungarian peasant women wearing bright headcloths, Slovaks from the Carpathian forests, gypsy women laden with children and bundles, a priest of the Greek Church in his caftanlike

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garb, with a long black staff in his hand, and Jews — Old Testament Jews — in sheepskin boots and wearing long beards and earlocks, crowded the station platform. The north and south boundary which divides Slovakia from Carpathian Russia passes close to Cop.

Užhorod, the capital of this extremity of Czechoslovak territory, lies only an hour's journey beyond. Standing upon the iron foot-bridge that crosses the track one can see the Carpathians lying blue in the distance, and at their feet is Užhorod. In the opposite direction, toward the south, one overlooks the neighboring Hungarian border, which is marked for some distance by the course of the Theiss. Even at this point that stream has become a mighty river that occasionally overflows the neighboring plains in time of flood.

Carpathian Russia? The name contains an interrogation point. We know from Gogol's magic tales, from the history of the World War, and from the struggle between the nationalities in Poland, that during the past centuries the Little Russians of the Ukraine have spread westward from their original home into Southern Galicia. From that point they have penetrated the Carpathians, settling the almost tractless mountain woodlands that used to lie on the northern frontier of Hungary. The fruitful lowlands to the south, famed for their rich harvests of wheat and Indian corn and their sweet emerald-yellow wine, have been for many hundred years in the possession of the Hungarians. The western section of the Carpathians is peopled by Slovaks. When one walks through the street of Užhorod he notices that every sign is written in three or four languages and two or three alphabets — in Latin letters for the Slovaks and Hungarians, in Hebrew for the Jews, and in Cyrillic for the Ruthenians. So the Little Russians have given this territory their name.

Under the provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain, by which Carpathian Russia voluntarily united with Czechoslovakia in September 1919, the province enjoys a considerable degree of self-government. It has its own legislature that chooses its own officers and controls education, religion, and local administration. It makes its own laws, which must be signed by the President of the Republic and by the Governor of Carpathian Russia, whom the President appoints, before they become valid. The present Governor is of Ruthenian descent.

Ruthenians and Jews are in a majority. Many of them live in the high mountains remote from all agencies of culture and from contact with modern civilization. The Hungarian Government let them vegetate there in a state of inconceivable poverty, decimated by disease and undernourishment, and without schools or other provision for their welfare. Their only food was potatoes. Cattle and human beings huddled together in the same miserable huts. They had no stoves. The smoke of their fires filtered through the apertures of the roof. Sanitation was unknown. An acquaintance of mine once took a consignment of toothbrushes to a village in that district. When he returned a few weeks later he found they were being used for cleaning dishes. A Jewish boy sixteen years old who was brought to school at Užhorod saw a railway there for the first time in his life. He looked timidly at the mysterious track, and when the train approached began to cry and pray in terror.

With the typical conservatism of their race, the Jews, who form about forty-five per cent of the population of Užhorod and eighty per cent of the population of Munkacs, retain the German speech that their forefathers brought here centuries ago. This

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Yiddish is purer than that of the Russian and Polish Jews, having absorbed nothing from the Slovak. In my own village, where the peasants all speak Magyar, I can make myself understood only to the Jews and a few German immigrant farmers.

The Jews in this country follow all sorts of occupations. They are blacksmiths, locksmiths, bakers, barbers, carters, porters, factory workers, traders, bankers, and beggars. You see Jews with their curly beards and earlocks riding on horseback through the country. You see Jewish peasants ploughing the fields. In fact, the Jewish cotters and small peasants have their own political party. On Saturday the railway trains, which are usually crowded with Jews, run almost empty.

Strange things happen among these people here. The rabbi of Munkacs had an itinerant rabbi from Galicia, who had formed his own congregation, expelled from the country for unfair competition. He was conducted by gendarmes across the Polish border.

Yes, Carpathian Russia is an interesting country. Here at the very jumping-off place of Czechoslovakia, and yet only twelve hours' journey from Germany, lies Eastern Europe, already permeated with a strong flavor of the Balkans. To be sure, there are railways, telephones, telegraphs, movie shows, and at Užhorod even electric trams and electric lights. That town has a tidy hotel, Die Krone, with a big café in which a man can spend his leisure as comfortably as at Budapest. Evenings a gypsy orchestra plays, and the patrons stare out through the windows upon the beauty and elegance and surging life of this little capital's corso.

Different centuries jostle each other here. A Hungarian peasant woman is telephoning at the post office. But at home in her mud-floored cottage she spins her flax every autumn, and not even on a spinning wheel, but with a far more primitive implement — a hand spindle. I was once a guest in a peasant cabin where ten or twelve women were spinning together by the dim yellow light of a petroleum lamp. They gossiped, sang, and told stories. On another occasion I was a guest at a village wedding. Gypsy fiddlers played wild czardas and accompaniments for the age-old formalities and songs with which the bride was brought to the church, the wedding dinner was eaten, and the first dance of the young couple was celebrated.

An automobile flounders through a long street, on one side of which a master ropemaker walks back and forth with his apprentices, twisting rope in the same way that it was made in the days of the Romans. Above the city rises a hill. A river, whose source is in the Carpathians not far from the Polish border, circles around its base, and on its summit stands a half-ruined castle, whose massive walls are overgrown with ivy. By their side are a Greek Russian Church and a bishop's palace in cheerful baroque. The ruins are a pleasant place to sit and dream on sunny afternoons. A solemn stillness broods over them, and the broad sweep of the view is marvelous. Below lies the colorful, haphazard town, girdled with vineyards. To the south stretches the endless plain, shimmering in sunlight reflected through a gauzy, quivering haze. To the north tower the Carpathians, pierced by deep-blue valleys and clothed with their dense, dark forests, lonely and still.

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THE HAPPY ESSAYIST[1]

BY GERALD GOULD

'WHERE Lamb wrote one essay and Max perhaps writes two,' says a contemporary essayist who does not write very many herself, 'Mr. B—— at a rough computation produces three hundred and sixty-five.' I omit the name because it is nothing to my purpose — and because I think three hundred and sixty-five a grievous, even if a humorous, overstatement. Nor is Mr. B—— condemned alone; Mr. C——, Mr. D——, Mr. F——, the genial, the generous, the humane, are weighed in the calendar and found too frequent. 'A common grayness silvers everything,' we are told; the 'habitual essayist' cannot afford the time 'either to be himself or to be other people.' And not only does he write too much; he writes too little. 'Beauty and courage are dangerous spirits to bottle in a column and a half; and thought, like a brown-paper parcel in a waistcoat pocket, has a way of spoiling the symmetry of an article.'

These critical suggestions are interesting. Good criticism, if it does not subdue us into the silence of agreement, should provoke us into the violence of contradiction. Mrs. Woolf, from whom I have been quoting, has the two merits alternately. At the moment I contradict. What she says is unjust to individuals, to B—— and C—— and D—— and E——; yes, and to Max, and to Lamb; to this age, and to the great ages of the past. It assumes and implies four main fallacies.

First, that practice makes imperfect. It would be a strange thing if in every other pursuit the doer did better through experience, and 'the less the merrier' were true only of the essay. Your most satisfactory novelist or dramatist is your most prolific; your most expert fiddler is for ever at his fiddle; and the man who wins the tennis tournament has played a thousand practice-games first. Shall we be told that such assiduity develops only technique, and that the essay demands inspiration? I hope not. I think not. For with this reply would come a host of minor fallacies, like the Hellhounds which attended Milton's Sin. Technique and inspiration go together; every stroke in tennis is improvised; conditions are never repeated, and what you learn by assiduity is not to do the same thing twice, but to do the new thing as if it were familiar. Originality is not more necessary in essay-writing, I presume, than in fiction or drama; and anyway, what is originality? Apart from definitely religious teachers, the profoundest of speculators upon human destiny is Shakespeare; and what, apart from his manner, does his speculation amount to? That life is brief — and perplexing; that death is unavoidable — and perplexing; that love is passionate — and perplexing. If we were to ask our essayists to tell us something new about life every time they took pen in hand, there would be an end of the business. But on those terms there would be an end of every business. All we have a right to ask of any writer is that he shall be himself, and that the self shall be interesting.

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (English Tory weekly), *May* 23

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Secondly, it is fallacious to speak of the great as if their garnered masterpieces, by which their greatness is known, were all they ever wrote. Mrs. Woolf has appealed to Lamb; to Lamb let us go. No writer has left us a more harrowing picture of the labor of daily journalism: 'O those headaches at dawn of day'; 'No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery'; 'The craving dragon — *the Public* — like him in Bel's Temple — must be fed, it expected its daily rations.' And all this moan is over the manufacture of jokes.

Go further back. Addison wrote 274 papers for the *Spectator*, most of them within a space of less than two years. Steele wrote 240 papers for the *Spectator*, and a host for the *Tatler* (to say nothing of a vast quantity of political writing, which comes under another head). Johnson published the *Rambler* every Tuesday and Friday from March 20, 1750, to March 17, 1752. Against Mrs. Woolf's sneer at 'a worn weekly halfpenny' given us 'instead of a solid sovereign once a year' (by which computation Johnson's essays would be but farthing pieces) we can put the great man's own dictum: 'A man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it.'

Thirdly, it is a popular fallacy — and branded as such by Lamb himself — that enough is as good as a feast.

Fourthly and lastly, as to the charge that your regular essayist cuts his sentiment according to his column. Why, so he does, and so he should. Every art is bounded by strict external conditions, and has to find expression within limits. As Mrs. Meynell — an essayist whose own reserve and restraint would certainly have earned Mrs. Woolf's approval — says of the poet's devotion to metre: 'To him the difficult fetter is the condition of an interior range immeasurable.' Or at least, if it is not, the fault is with the interior range and not with the fetter.

The truth is that there are two types of writers, and to condemn one type by the test of the other is misleading. Forced fecundity is lamentable, but so is forced austerity. The old poets, who drove their pens daily over sheet on sheet, are not less good than the exquisite but parsimonious singers of our own day. On the other hand, when the man to whom it is not *natural* to be always writing poetry compels himself to the job, instead of 'waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall,' he fails; though even by him there would be no harm done if he would burn the result instead of publishing it — he *might* indeed be preparing the way for the Muse. It is a difficult question, that; and perhaps an irrelevant. For the ordinary essayist is not so impertinent a fellow as to suppose that his prose is comparable with poetry — which, at any rate in the lyrical kind, is spark, or nothing — or, for that matter, comparable with the prose of the great masters of the past.

And that is why I say that Mrs. Woolf is unjust to the past as well as to the present. She finds for the present an excuse which certainly it does not need, but which certainly also it does not deserve. Nobody would suggest for a moment that any living essayist is to be compared with Lamb, but that is not in the least because the living essayist writes more than Lamb; it is only because he does not write so well. For among the best writers of every age are those who approach writing as Harry Hotspur approached fighting: 'He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BANQUETING WITH BARRIE AND KIPLING

BANQUETS are of two kinds — those where the after-dinner speaking is good, and those where it is soporific. There are also distinctions of the culinary sort, but never mind them now. Let us hope that the dinner was as good as the speeches at the recent banquet in London where Rudyard Kipling and Sir James Barrie were simultaneously enrolled as honorary freemen and honorary liverymen of the Stationers' Company of London.

Sir James discussed a new edition of Shakespeare — a matter of interest to the company upon whose Register the plays were entered before their earliest publication — which, he says, will be known as the Ladies' Shakespeare:—

I feel that in bringing me among you and granting me this great honor you have added another to the Company's mysteries. (*Laughter*) I like to think I am among the chosen because I am a master of hard facts. In Lord Balfour and Mr. Kipling you get eloquence, philosophy, and poetry, but from me to-day you naturally look for facts. (*Laughter*) The most valiant name, of course, in your records is that of Shakespeare, and the first fact I want to put before you is this: I want to propose to you that you should enter in Stationers' Hall one more edition of his works. The other sex, if so they may still be called (*laughter*), have long complained about Shakespeare's women — glorious creatures, but too subservient to the old enemy for this later day. They think that Shakespeare did not know what things were coming to women.

Ladies and gentlemen, he knew (*laughter*), but in his writing he had to write with the knowledge that if he was advanced about women his plays would be publicly burned in the garden of Stationers' Hall. (*Laughter*) So he left a cipher (*laughter*), not in the text where everybody has been looking for it, but in the cunning omission of all stage directions, and the women of to-day, as he hoped, have had the wit to read that cipher aright, and so we are going to have a new edition of his works called, very properly, the Ladies' Shakespeare. (*Laughter*)

From these plays presented you will really be seeing Shakespeare on the stage, and the fortunate actress, without altering one word, but by the use of what we who write plays call cunning, illuminating business — or rather those who play our plays — she will be able to show you, for instance, the shrew that Shakespeare drew, thus presented for the first time.

Katherina was really fooling Petruchio all the time when he carried her away from her marriage feast. The reason he did not mark it was that Baptista, her father, was really a poor man, and there was no wedding feast (*laughter*), and so Katherina got it to come about that she should be carried off by Petruchio in order to save that considerable expense. The first evening at Petruchio's house, when Petruchio was out in the wind and rain, distending himself because he thought he was taming her, do you really think that Katherina went supperless to bed? (*Laughter*) No; she had a little bag with her (*laughter*), and in it a wing of chicken and some other delicacies, a half-bottle of the famous Paduan wine, and such a pretty corkscrew.

Mr. Kipling meditated aloud upon the relationship existing between authors and paper — the Stationers' Company being intimately concerned with both: —

You have referred with great indulgence to an author of my name. An hour ago I admit I was that author; but, thanks to the high honor which you have done me, I am

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now a Stationer, duly entered and obligated. This is a heavy responsibility, for one cannot deny that the world might have been happier if stationery had never been invented. (*Laughter*) Yet it must have been a brother of our mystery — an original Hieratic Stationer — who first discovered that if you soak the leaves of the papyrus plant in the muddy waters of the Nile, and beat upon them with a mallet, the beastly stuff sticks together and makes what looks like paper. (*Laughter*) So we called it paper, and we supplied it as stationery, and men began to write upon it with reed pens.

And when, in the course of time, we had rooted every green thing out of the Valley of the Nile, when we had killed the fatted calf, and the unfatted calf, and the calf unborn, to make vellum, we tore the very rags off the backs of beggars, and we ground them and we pulped them to make more and more stationery. (*Renewed laughter*) Why did we do that? Because some desperate soul, impatient of the slow, beautiful handicraft of the past, had invented an apparatus called the printing press. But a printing press without paper being as innocuous as an unloaded gun, we instantly charged it with stationery, — the magnificent paper of Caxton's time, — and we improved the machine itself; and we devised special inks for it; and we created the business of publishing and distribution, and among us we launched the Eleventh Plague on suffering humanity. (*Laughter*)

Since that dreadful date there has not been a crime in the Decalogue, from anonymous letter-writing to the spread of idealism, which we have not fostered, facilitated, and democratized. Incidentally, too, we have turned life into the nightmare of a never-empty waste-paper basket. It is true that our ministrations have prevented, or diverted, authors from reciting their works aloud at street corners. But I hold that, with a little patience, the increase of motor traffic would have accomplished this end for mankind quite as effectively.

✽

WHERE THIEVES BREAK THROUGH AND STEAL

THE recent robbery at the Vatican provides an interesting study of the ingenuity and foresight of both the criminals and the police. The affair began prosaically enough by a kind of peaceful penetration on the part of the scheming thieves. Workmen had for some time been making repairs about the Canons' residence attached to the sacristy of Saint Peter's, and some of them were lodged in disused rooms beneath the treasury. It seems that certain of these workmen formed a league with a shoemaker whose strange avocation was the selling of jewels, and who had no idea that he had caught the attention of the secret police about St. Peter's. Long before the robbery one of the police officers began to insinuate himself into the shoemaker's favor, ostensibly with the desire to buy jewels for sale abroad. The shoemaker bade his prospective customer be patient until he had received a collection of precious stones which, he said, was to arrive from Paris.

Meanwhile the workmen in league with this receiver of jewels were breaking down the arched roof which separated their lodgings from the treasury above. This enterprise took longer than they had anticipated, and only on the night of July 3 were the preparations complete. The porter at the gate of the sacristy accepted an invitation to go out for a drink. The robbers then mounted into the treasury and secured their loot, carrying off the sacred objects which were most richly covered with jewels, and breaking chalices to see whether they were of solid gold. Between midnight and one o'clock a mysterious automobile was heard moving about in the vicinity.

When the robbery was discovered in the morning, the police at once thought of the suspected shoemaker. With great promptness the detective who had posed as a customer sought out the shoemaker, declared that he was to leave Rome in a few days, and that he

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wished the promised jewels at any price. The shoemaker fell into the trap. He made an appointment in his shop for that night, where the buyer could see the objects and the price be arranged. The detective appeared with a false passport and a good supply of money, entered the shop alone, and soon saw before him the chalices, monstrances, rings, crosses, and other loot stolen from St. Peter's. While the buyer was counting out his money a knock sounded at the door. The shoemaker hesitated in some alarm, but the detective reassured him by saying that it was a friend who had come to take away the jewels. The shoemaker opened the door, and there, in the best tradition of melodrama, stood the police.

✠

DOGS IN LONDON

WHILE dogs may not themselves be given to the foibles of fashion, they form a valuable resource of the beau monde by adoption. We learn that in London Alsatians have had to give place to saluki, or gazelle hounds, in the affections of the fashionable, and that a great exhibition of these newest favorites has been held at Tattersall's. The *Morning Post* gives an interesting genealogy of these dogs: —

Probably few people realize that the saluki is the original heraldic dog introduced into this country by the Crusaders hundreds of years ago, when fighting in Syria. The Syrian desert, Mesopotamia, and Kurdistan are their home, where they are bred by the Bedouin Arab tribes, and their extreme slightness and nimble appearance which fits them for the chase at once explains their other name — the gazelle hound.

Many colors are to be seen — pure white, black and white, gray, and black and tan. Roughly speaking, the darker ones come from Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, and the fawn and the light-colored ones from the Syrian desert, though in the latter place all kinds are found, and the tribes keep their breeds wonderfully pure.

The whole appearance of the dog is exceedingly striking. Its silky ears and long pointed nose give an air of seriousness and great dignity. The long supple neck, sloping shoulders, strong hip-bones, and long straight legs show at once that these dogs are made for great speed and endurance, chasing kid and gazelle over the rocks and sandy wastes of the desert. The tail, which ends in a feathery curl, is long, and should twist through and under the hind leg and back again on to the spine. In short, the whole appearance is one of extreme grace and elegance, but with none of the grotesque features of the Afghan, which has a fluffy cockade on its head, and is larger. To realize their real worth one needs to see them chasing over the rocks, speeding by in a whirlwind flash after their quarry.

✠

SOVIET MOVING PICTURES

Izvestia, the official organ of the Moscow Government, brings the information that ten moving-picture-producing expeditions work at present in different regions of the Soviet Union. It is a well-known fact that the latest policy of the Soviet Government in regard to the non-Russian national units is that of encouraging their regional culture while at the same time teaching them Bolshevist ideals and dogma, and it is to be understood that the motion pictures produced by these Government-sent expeditions are to be of somewhat idyllic character — showing backward small nationalities reformed and enlightened by the spirit that emanates from Moscow. The following pictures are being made: two in Crimea, from the life of the Crimean Tatars; two from Caucasus, portraying the life of some of the mountain tribes; a Jewish picture in Ukrainia; two pictures from the life of the Black Sea shore; and a picture to be taken in Karelia. A Siberian picture is being made on the shore of Lake Baikal.

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What is the music to be which the audiences will enjoy who will gather to see these pictures? Very likely it is to be national folk-music of corresponding regions, which would form a real treat. But that is not all. The same journal informs us of the latest achievements of proletarian composers, intended especially for workmen's and peasants' clubs. Some of the titles are: 'Town and Village Step Together,' a march; 'Tailor and Motorman;' 'Blood and Snow'; 'The Merry Joiner.' It sounds so inviting that one is tempted to recognize Soviet Russia at once.

✤

PREHISTORY IN THE HOLY LAND

As if to spite Mr. Bryan, one of the younger members of the British school of archæology in Jerusalem has excavated a human skull which closely approximates the Neanderthal type in Europe. To make matters worse, it was discovered in a cave near the Lake of Galilee.

The skull is in several fragments which have now been fitted together and show striking contrasts with the cranium of modern man. The site is a limestone cliff above the small but fertile plain on the western shore of Lake Galilee, some six miles northwest of Tiberias, which Mr. F. Turville-Petre, the discoverer, says 'is just such a country as would have attracted nomadic hordes.' At this point two important migration-routes intersect. Besides the skull, numerous implements were discovered which seemed to be late palæolithic.

✤

EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

THE emancipation of women is an accomplished fact in America; but how about those backward countries where it is not? *Izvestia*, which, in obedience to instructions from the Soviet Government, devotes much space to official efforts to emancipate the peasant women of Russia, prints a review of a book called *Material for Poster Newspapers*, and quotes the following verse from it: —

Let our sisters no longer be slaves!
Let their kitchens and bedrooms no longer
squeeze flat their brains!
Come, fling all the kitchen utensils in a heap,
Bang the pots to pieces!
Bang!
Onward to a Communist life!

'Not everything in the book,' the paper comments, 'is as bad as this.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Tales of the Long Bow, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Cassell, 7*s*. 6*d*.

[J. C. Squire in the *Observer*]

THE paper jacket of this book is based on a new and original plan. Instead of bearing the image of a staring lady, or of a man in dress clothes lying dead with a dagger stuck into his shirt, it is decorated with a very effective water-color picture of Mr. Chesterton himself, laughing heartily over a book, presumably this one. The precedent is an alarming one, for one has a vision of rows of such portraits confronting one in the booksellers' windows: Mr. E. V. Lucas in a deck chair quietly enjoying his own essays, the Poet Laureate raptly bestriding a hilltop with a volume of poems in his hand, Sir Hall Caine frenzied with grief at the sorrows of the Manx, Sir A. Conan Doyle bewildered by the subtleties of Holmes, and Sir Edmund Gosse (this phrase is wrenched from Mr. Chesterton) in a brown study, in a brown study.

However, Mr. Chesterton may legitimately laugh as he contemplates these pages and must have laughed while he was writing them. The book, which no other man living or dead could have thought of, is descended on one side from *The Club of Queer Trades* and on the other from *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*. It begins with a number of obscure, but admirable, gentlemen, setting out to confute proverbs and realize standard impossibilities; it ends with an agrarian revolution conducted under the leadership of these bold spirits. The first to have their stories told are Colonel Crane and Mr. Hood. Colonel Crane said that he would eat his hat if Mr. Hood set the Thames on fire. Mr. Hood succeeded. The Colonel could not contemplate the mastication of a topper. It occurred to him that 'articles of dress could hardly be used for diet; but articles of diet could really be used for dress'; so he wore a cabbage on his head for a week and then boiled and consumed it. Another member made play with a white elephant, another with a castle in the air. Captain Pierce showed that pigs could fly, and celebrated his victory with the exclamation, 'Oh, for the wings of a pig that I might fly away and be at rest!'

I think I have made it clear that the book is not wholly serious. And few readers, I fear, will find that it gives them a complete illusion! Certain scenes are vivid and convincing narrative; you do clearly see Colonel Crane, sunburned, neat, and respectable, walking to church with a cabbage on his head; the meeting of Hood and his girl by the Thames is a delicious moment. In a general way Mr. Chesterton is not very concerned about plausibility in detail, whether of character or of incident. His bow is the longest of all; he lets off his arrows in rapid succession, in all directions, and without bothering much where they fall.

[*Morning Post*]

THESE are the tales of the Long Bow, and Mr. Chesterton never did anything better than in chronicling them — was never more completely himself.

He gambols in their opportunities for fun. Not a point — even a pun — but he seizes on it with zest. With what a gusto, for example, he leads Professor Green's mathematical argument to the milkmaid's joyous discovery that the cow did jump over the moon. There 's the whole of Pirandello's philosophy here, of the unreality of reality, and the reality of the unreal. A rumble and chortle of big laughter and small roll through these pages. Enviable the man who can write so much nonsense so remarkably packed with sense!

A King's Private Letters, being letters written by King Constantine of Greece to Paola, Princess of Saxe-Weimar, during the years 1912 to 1923. With a Preface by Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O. London: Nash and Grayson, 1925. 10*s*. 6*d*.

[*Times*]

THE letters, published by Princess Paola, and her comments thereon, furnish no complete explanation of the incidents which contributed most to the eventual hostility of the Entente toward the King — namely, his alleged desertion of Serbia and the abandonment of the Drama-Seres region and the troops and forts defending it to the Bulgar in June 1916. Admiral Mark Kerr has explained the former by the statement that the Serbian Government in 1914 declined to promise any assistance to M. Venizelos in case of attack on Greece by Turkey and Bulgaria, and thus broke the Treaty signed in 1913. On the other hand, the Serbian representative at Constantinople certainly informed the Turkish Government in the most categorical manner that his Government would consider itself bound by the Treaty of alliance in the event of Turkish attack on Greece. It is difficult to reconcile the Admiral's explanation, presumably based upon official information communicated to him as Chief of the Greek Naval Staff, with the Serbian

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Minister's *démarche*. The psychology of the 'Rupel surrender' is made at least comprehensible by the following passage in a letter dated February 17, 1916: —

'Just imagine what would have happened if I had joined the Entente! They would not have sent me troops in sufficient numbers, as usual, and I alone against the Germans, Austrians, and the Bulgarians should have been crushed and people to-day would be exclaiming, "Poor King of Greece, but what a hero!" because you see they console their victims by calling them heroes; but I do not aspire to such glory: I will save my country with God's help. That is more or less my position at present.'

But if these letters do not add much to our knowledge of a strange series of episodes in Near Eastern history, they will assist the future historian by the new light which they throw on the character of a ruler whose career, marked by an almost unprecedented alternation of good fortune and ill, ended in complete disaster. They show that King Constantine was far from being either the *sournois* pro-German intriguer pilloried by the French and by a section of the British Press, or the fierce military genius, the 'Bulgar Slayer,' of Greek popular legend. Almost every letter gives the picture of a desperately anxious-minded, good-natured, unimaginative, and often obstinate man, who was genuinely fond of his people and took their 'devotion' too seriously. One thing is clear, that he loathed war, and especially Near Eastern war. Not a letter from the Balkan front or from Asia Minor but contains some disgusted reference to its horrors.

[*Manchester Guardian* (Editorial)]

CONSTANTINE of Greece had one period when life was all roses; those were the days of 1912–13 when he led the Greek army to triumph, first against the Turks and then against the Bulgarians. After that fortune frowned on him; he spent most of the Great War in asserting himself as an autocrat against M. Venizelos, and when he had been exiled and recalled by an unstable people he went out to the campaign in Asia Minor and ignominious defeat. His private letters to the Princess of Saxe-Weimar, which are now published, are principally concerned with the war days of 1912–13 which gave him a reputation with the Greek people. Of the final campaign in Asia Minor he has little to say except, wisely enough, that he will not have it regarded as 'his war,' and, unwisely, that there was little fear of Kemal Pasha 'coming to worry us' in the positions which the Greek army had finally taken up.

The letters on the Great War show how nervous he was lest the dreaded German troops should descend through the Balkans upon Greece, and how proud of the strength of will with which he met and defeated M. Venizelos when the latter, with a definite policy in favor of the Allies, was returned to power by the people. But perhaps the most significant letters are those which indicate the hatred which existed between Greeks and Bulgarians. 'As a race,' says Constantine, 'they are unbearable.' 'All the horrors that I have witnessed during this war have not disturbed my sleep as much as the Bulgarians do with their ignorance and arrogant methods.' Constantine's was always a commonplace, narrow, and obstinate mind. It was only M. Venizelos who, at the end of the Balkan wars, when Bulgaria was hopelessly defeated, had sense enough to know that if she were crushed she would take the first opportunity of turning against her neighbors, and only he who had the vision, when the Great War came, to realize that Greece could turn the scales in the East and so perhaps in the whole war.

The History of the Fabian Society, by Edward Pease. London: Allen and Unwin, 1925. 6*s*.

[Arthur Ponsonby in the *Daily Herald*]

WE are apt to forget that in the building up of the Labor Movement fine spade-work was done in years gone by, not only by leaders whose names are well known to us, but by more humble individuals who were ready to toil with unflagging energy in order that the foundations might be solidly laid. This new edition brought up to date of Mr. Pease's history of the Fabian Society serves to remind us of the men and women who, from the early eighties onward, bent their minds to the development of a Socialist theory which, gradually spreading, has had a very significant influence on the political thought of the last thirty years.

Of the original leaders of the Movement many are still with us and in the fighting line. Three of them were in the Labor Cabinet. But we can be reminded in this volume of a number of others who were exploring and disputing in those early days when the word Socialism was regarded with something like horror.

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If people who are pompous and serious have a tendency to over-awe you —

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* * *

Now, the September Scribner's Magazine enjoys poking a little fun at prevalent types fond of taking themselves *very* seriously.

* * *

And there's food for thought in the satire.

* * *

"President Vergilius Alden Cook of Harmonia College: A Study in Still Life" by Carol Park is the first exhibit.

* * *

It makes one wonder just where our requirements for college presidents is leading us.

* * *

"What Price Organization?" asks Jesse Rainsford Sprague.

* * *

It suggests that there may be other ways of showing loyalty, patriotism, and spirit than heaving your napkin into the air and shouting "Atta Boy" at a luncheon club speaker.

"The Antique-Shop Lament" is by Caroline Camp.

* * *

And she has a right to her lament, you will agree when you read about her customers.

* * *

Her list of admonitions to clients is a masterpiece of its kind.

* * *

The September Scribner's Magazine will emerge from the grasp of its fond Editor at 597 Fifth Avenue in the Island of Manhattan on August 26 and call upon anyone who is willing to part with thirty-five cents or has been foresighted enough to enroll his name on our visiting list.

* * *

And there are a flock of chuckles who will accompany him.

* * *

At the same time, in a sufficiently serious manner, equally interesting sides of civilization will be dealt with.

* * *

There are corking stories and — "Marines at Blanc Mont" by John W. Thomason Jr.

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